

The Dragon

#33

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Tell them you saw it in *The Dragon*



Happy New Year from The Dragon and TSR Periodicals! And after my latest session with the ol' crystal ball, I predict big happenings for *The Dragon* and you, our readers, in the year to come. In the past year, *The Dragon* has doubled in size, and after you read *Dragon Rumbles* on the following page, you'll see we're continuing to expand the size of the magazine. Even bigger plans are in the works for the future—more on those at a later date. Let's take a look at this month's issue.

On the cover this month we have a reproduction of a painting by **John Barnes**: "Dragon's Lair". This painting won the Best of Show and "Best Color Fantasy" awards at the Northwest Annual Science Fiction Festival in Seattle last year. More of John's excellent work appears in our recently released "Days of the Dragon" 1980 fantasy art calendar.

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If your mailing label says TD 33
this is your last issue . . . resubscribe

D&D players looking for DM's, here it is: **The Second Annual "Mapping the Dungeons" Dungeon Masters List!** There are over 1,000 listings, so get out there and make connections!

Another large section of the magazine this month is devoted to another installment of the adventures of **Niall of the Far Travels** by **Gardner Fox** and illustrated by **Jeffrey Lanners**. Those of you who enjoy these excellent short stories by Gar will be happy to know we have a couple more in hand to be run in future issues. If Niall doesn't appeal to your taste, well, we are expanding the size of the magazine . . .

Elsewhere in the magazine this month, you'll find the **Fantasysmith** discussing miniature figure painting techniques, with a special look at the methods used by "Uncle" Duke Seifried. And those of you into miniatures will be happy to know that "**From the Fantasy Forge,**" our old photographic look at new figures, will be returning in the near future.

Business is booming at TSR Hobbies, but the company's gain is the magazine's loss. President **Gary Gygax** is becoming so caught up in the workings of a rapidly expanding company that this month's **Sorcerer's Scroll** will be his last for a while. Gary bows out this month with an explanation/rationalization of the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons® magic system.

A couple of months ago we received a second installment of **F. C. MacKnight's** article on the origins of the game of **Lankhmar**, and I reported that "the tale had grown in the telling." It's still growing! This month we have part three of what is now a five-part article. While we normally do not devote so much space to the design of an individual game, because of the fact that so much of the original game of LAHK-MAR was so tightly tied to the development of the mythos of the world of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, we offer Prof. MacKnight's article as a look inside the heads of Fritz Leiber and Harry Fischer, as well as a design forum.

In this month's edition of **Leomund's Tiny Hut**, **Len Lakofka** examines some of the spells in AD&D, discusses possible usage/interpretation problems, and offers some solutions. More D&D questions and answers appear in **Sage Advice** by **Jean Wells**.

Also this month we have a D&D variant by **Holly Lovins**, who proposes a new characteristic for non-player characters: Caution. And **Lawrence Huss** gives us a "documented" reason for the "no swords" rule for clerics.

As always, we have our other regular columns and features, including (fanfare of trumpets) the return of **Finieous Fingers!** Only the gods know when we'll have the next segment, but none of you can be more anxious for it than I. . . . Speaking of columns, we have a new one this month, and we'll have another new one next month. This month we inaugurate **The Electric Eye** by one of our newest contributors, **Mark Herro**. Mark's column will be a regular look at the use of modern technology with games and gaming, with a special emphasis on the use of home computers. We hope the column will eventually expand to encompass reviews of electronic games as well. This month Mark begins with an introduction to the world of home computers, and he's taken special care to gear it towards the layman (like me). Now we'll all know what ROM and CPU mean, and while we may not all have home computers, at least we can keep up with their applications to gaming.

Next month, we'll kick off the **Dastardly Deeds and Devious Devices** (DD&DD) column we've been promising. DM's will be able to find loads of nasty items, just perfect for those "special" rooms.

February's issue is in the works and **Divine Right** will have its day. We'll have an **Elrohir** cover (the same artist who did the Divine Right box cover art), designers' notes on the game, variants, and strategies for play. Also in February's issue will be another AD&D module—the one used for the **2nd Official Invitational AD&D Masters Tournament!** See you then. —*Jake*



The Premier Magazine of Games and Gaming

This issue marks a couple of significant changes in THE DRAGON. First, it is the last issue in which I will be the individual answering the letters in OUT ON A LIMB. We are reorganizing within our staff, and Jake has become the *de facto* editor, in regard to what each of us does around here. Sometime soon the masthead will reflect that fact.

As we get bigger and bigger, and take on more projects outside the actual magazine, such as distributing WHITE DWARF and THE WARGAMER, and merchandising our name and such, I am left with less and less time to spend on the actual planning and execution of each issue. I feel that Jake and Kim have done an excellent job. Other than each issue's budget meeting, my direct influence has been felt less and less. While some unkind souls have suggested that this is what accounts for the improvement in recent issues, I prefer to attribute it to the infusion of more than one person's input and ideas. Also, I feel that I have assembled one hell of a staff.

To use a comparison from TV (gasp), I used to be Lou Grant, with some of Charley's duties, as well as many of Rossi's, Billie's and Animal's. Now I'm mostly Charley, with a little of Lou. I won't tell who Animal is...

Another departure from the past is due, too. I am not going to use this column to complain about lack of letters! In fact, I am going to talk about letters, but on a positive note.

Letters to the editor have become a source of pleasure and entertainment around here. Aside from the fact that we no longer look for letter bombs, we actually get a few positive ones instead. It is heartening to know that what we do is worth the time for our readers to taken pens in hand, or apply fingertips to keyboard, and tell us about it.

Obviously, it is still a tiny percentage who do take the trouble, but that portion is growing, and we hope it continues to do so.

Many days, as we are sitting around eating lunch in the office, we have Jake reading the 'letter of the day' to us. Most of the time, he finds the most outrageous or ridiculous, and we all enjoy it for what it is. Other times, tho, we read a sincere one, and discuss it over peanut butter and jelly sandwiches washed down with Pepsi (the drink of choice at TD).

It is gratifying to think that what we do matters to so many people, and that we seem to be doing it better as time progresses.

I just hope that you keep writing to us, both to let us know what we did right, as well as to let us know what else we could do.

More good news for our readers: TD is going to increase its base size. We were already faced with having to raise the cover price to keep up with inflation. We found that with our print run at the size it is, we can raise the base size by another 8 pages at no significant increase in our costs. Faced with having to raise the cover price by at least 35¢ to account for inflation and increased expenses, we were resigned to changing the price to \$2.50, holding off as long as possible, to enable inflation to eat up some more of it. Before the cries of "Rip-off," "greedy capitalist" and "money-grubber" reach a crescendo, let me hasten to point out that we, the producers, see less than a third of that increase, and we need all of that to keep pace with inflation and rising printing and paper costs. The remainder goes to the retailers and middlemen, who also have to eat.

We figured that if we could throw in a few more pages, it would soften the blow somewhat. The price of TD, at \$2.50 for the past two issues because of the enclosures, will become permanent.

In the future, issues containing games or modules will have an additional special charge levied on the cover price. Sub prices will remain \$24.00 per year, but from now on, subs will consist of the standard twelve months; we are dropping the bonus-issue offer. Subs will continue to be a better deal than ever. Considering that in a given publishing year we will do two games/modules (roughly) with an additional 50¢ on the price, we are offering at least \$37 worth of magazines for \$24, a saving of more than one-third!

We are offering a special deal for you to take advantage of the old rate elsewhere in this issue, but you will have to act fast.

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The Dragon

Vol. IV, No. 7
January, 1980

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THE DRAGON is published monthly by TSR Periodicals, a division of TSR Hobbies, Inc., P.O. Box 110, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin 53147. Phone: 414-248-8044

THE DRAGON is available at better hobby shops and bookstores, or by subscription. Subscription rate within the U.S. and Canada is \$24.00 for 13 issues. Subscription outside the U.S. and Canada are \$28.00 for 6 issues, and are air-mailed. Single copy price, including back issues, is \$2.75 per copy. All payments must be made in U.S. currency or by international money order. Subscription expiration is coded onto the mailing label. The number to the right of the name, prefixed by "TD" is the number of the last issue of the subscription. Changes of address must be filed 30 days prior to the mailing date of the magazine to be sent to the new address.

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ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM fantasysmith's notebook

Paradise for Painterly People

Amid the sweaty smoke of Schwartz Physical Education Center, a deep, staccato sound boomed over the chaotic hubbub. This was not the sound of a Browning heavy machine gun or the battle commands of a Balrog, but the message of a prophet—"Duke" Seifried of Heritage Models. His message was simple: "Start painting your figures better and faster using a different method."

His claim: *Anyone (yes, even you) can paint 25mm figure in 2-5 minutes without sacrificing detail or definition. All you have to do is BELIEVE.* This article describes the Duke's method, but BELIEVING will be up to you.

Duke Seifried and His Style

Before you read Duke's message, take a look at one of the most extraordinary individuals in the hobby—the Duke himself. There is a certain type of fellow whom one calls "boy" until he reaches such an advanced age that this moniker becomes horribly inappropriate—then you call him "uncle." Duke Seifried has reached the latter stage and refers to himself as "Uncle Duke." "Tell 'em Uncle Duke sent ya," the portable loudspeaker thunders.

Seifried is a one-man hive of activity. He's a show by himself—promoting, painting, pestering all at once in his best sideshow barker style: "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry. . . . in five minutes the most exciting new adventure gaming developments will be demonstrated right before your very eyes." Despite the flim-flam-man approach, Duke knows that he's the ringmaster as well as the main event.

In the big tent, Duke carries on painting demonstrations, adventure gaming, and standard 15mm miniature battles. At the concession stands, he sells complete Heritage store outfits while he eats lunch. Then, still energetic, he rushes to the real sideshow to flail away at the maddeningly



What you need to get under way

inefficient drones that Heritage hires to sit on chairs in its retail booth. Duke's energy helps his firm. His painting techniques can help you.

The Claim in Perspective

Finished figures in five minutes may seem unbelievable to you, but Duke can prove it. He'll take a crisp twenty-dollar bill from anyone unwise enough to disagree with him and back the dispute with money. To understand the impact of Duke's claim, let's compare his five minutes with some standard painting times, using a few relatively honest examples.

Joe Miceli, a dean of the fantasy painting professionals, is proud to exhibit 25mm figures that have as much detail as 54mm pieces. He says it takes "a week" of spare time to paint a warrior prince atop a dancing destrier. This comes to close to five hours, according to Joe's reckoning. Whether that estimate is close on the near side or the far side, Joe has not said. (Fantasy painters are like EPA gas mileage ratings when they talk about painting time—you have to watch them.)

Tim Kask of *The Dragon* once painted 300 or so figures in a year. He estimates 40 minutes on the average for a 25mm foot-

slogger from the Napoleonic era. Tim should be sure—he printed the time in this magazine. (That's 200 hours of painting a year, mathematicians.)

Your own humble Fantasy Smith thrashes around for about 6 hours to paint a Centaur king which is slightly less than perfect.

These indicated times are for figures requiring special loving care, and they imprison a painter in a time bind that limits production to only a few pieces per month at maximum output. Such an investment of time is beyond the endurance of most fantasy miniature painters, "turning off" many who refuse to put up with the dragging hours.

The same anxious boredom was experienced in Europe when miniaturists wanted to have large numbers of figures for big dioramas or for wargame armies. They developed "quick" painting methods for turning out painted figures. Quick painting concentrated on getting color onto the miniature figures fast, without too much worry about fine detail. The method proved to be perfect for the second line of a wargame army, or for the diorama figures furthest from the observer's eye.

Over the years, the quick method of



When your finished figures look like these, you've arrived!

painting miniatures was improved, and better methods of adding definition and detail were introduced. Even the castings were modified to allow the miniaturist to paint them quicker and more accurately. The Duke's method is a summation of earlier

methods and "tricks," combined with a few new ideas derived from new painters.

With Duke's method, most fantasy players can aspire to several character pieces as well as a host of henchmen and hirelings. Any ambitious Dungeon Master can now expect to have all the orcs and kobolds he wants, as well as a series of dragons, a platoon of drow, several disgusting trolls, a squad of giants, and a spectre or two supported by mummies and skeletons. Vast fantasy armies are no longer out of the question. Figure painting is removed from the realm of the expert and democratized so that every man (and every dwarf) can have a personal treasure chest of finished figures—or, if you're a fantasy field marshal, a personal army.

could force decisions, and they always take time. The only thing you have to decide is what color to paint the surcoat or shield, and this decision can also be taken care of before painting by setting out colors you want to use.

Paints, brushes, pallet, wipe rags, and prepared figures must be marshalled before the clock starts. This is good practice anyway, and is crucial to time trials. You may not need to actually change anything you're doing now to pull off this little trick, but conscious preparation is good for your times. It's sort of a mental warmup for the fun to follow.

A reasonable set-up is illustrated in this article. The Duke convinced me that set-up was important without even mentioning it. He did this by simple demonstration.

Duke's method is excellently printed out in a pink brochure (PINK, Duke?) that he gladhands out to gawking onlookers and potential converts. The Duke has said it's O.K. if I liberally quote from his masterwork. You, however, may want the true WORD. Send to Heritage for it—tell 'em "Uncle Fantasysmith" sent you (har, har, har). Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope and possibly some trinkets to pay the starving mercenaries. More explicit and dulcet instructions may be forthcoming. Heritage advertisements right here in *The Dragon* may soon tell you what else lies in store for those who use Heritage paints.

All that follows in parentheses is my commentary, the rest is pure Duke: Drawings have been added to aid visualization.

(Heritage paints were conceived and produced to offer the painter:)

1) A white, water-based primer that would etch into metal and have no strong fumes.

2) A selection of colors which would offer the exact shades I wanted . . . arranged in family groups so that shading and highlighting would be a snap. The paint had to dry quickly. . .

3) Protective coating that would not only guard against paint being rubbed, flaked, or chipped off, but would also produce realistic finishes.

4) Easy cleanup . . . just plain water would thin the paint and clean brushes and hands.

(Turn to page 8)

Step by step



*Figure used: John Carter series
Don't worry about slopping the paint now, just stain it on with gusto.*



This stage deepens the shadows that staining showed you.



Now is a good time to paint in the metal parts.



Any "mistakes" are eliminated with this step.



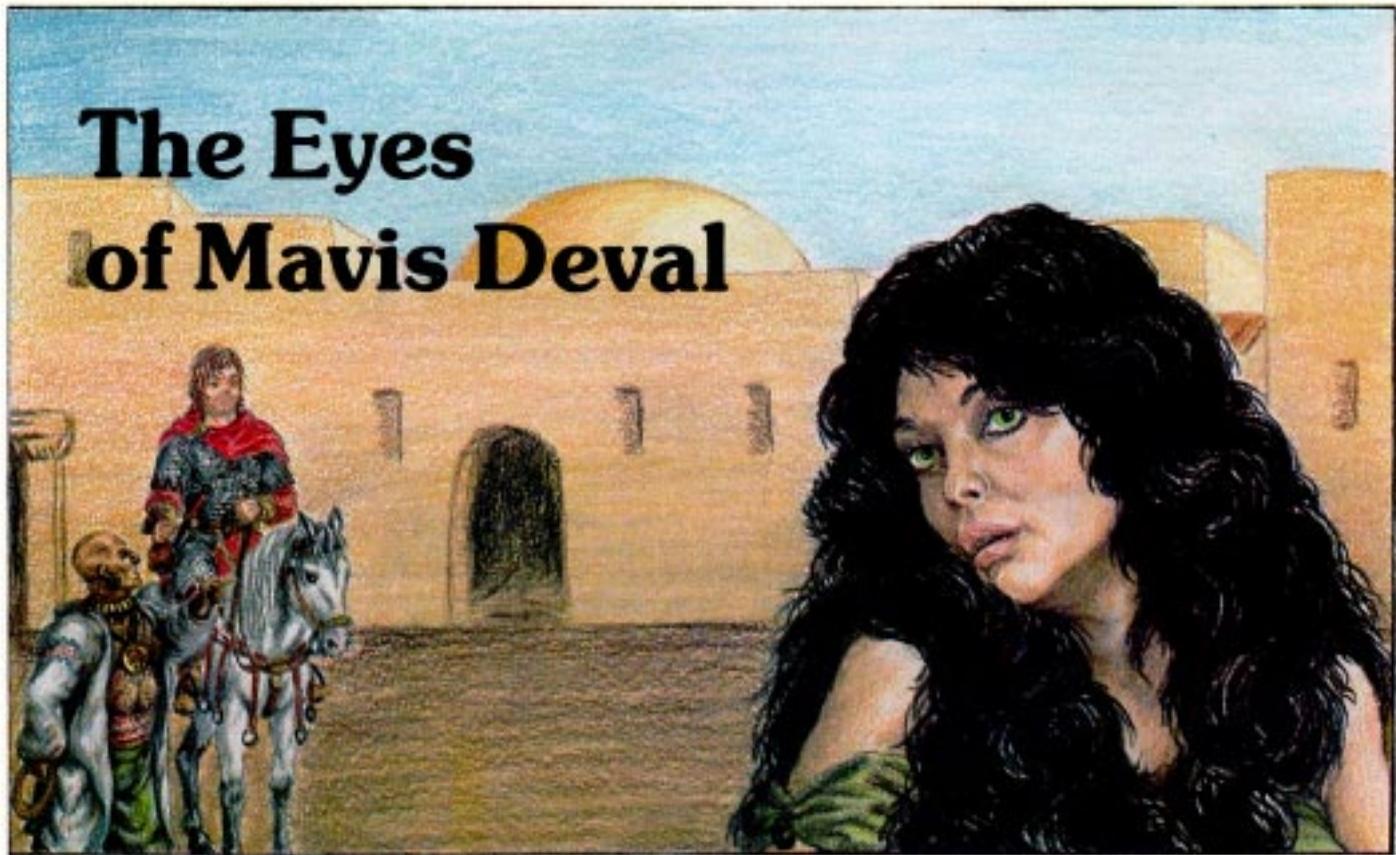
Your figure will look as if you had spent a lot of time on it.

What's in Those 5 Minutes

Before you start rumbling in disbelief, you should understand how the Duke's stopwatch was calibrated for pacing the time and motion study of himself. Fully finished miniatures require four steps—Prepare (includes Priming), Paint, and Preserve. Duke counts only the painting time. Whatever time he spends on preparing the figures with knife and file is ignored, along with the time for priming and final preservation with gloss and clear coating.

Figures are mounted for mass painting before the clock starts, too. Here Duke has hit upon a method for mounting that would gladden the heart of any flinty-eyed industrial engineer. Take an ordinary $\frac{1}{2}$ " board that's about 4" wide. Cut it into 10" lengths, and use ordinary white glue to attach half a dozen similar figures along the edge at about $\frac{1}{2}$ " intervals. You are now assured of having the minimum space required for your brush to move from figure to figure. Duke calls this mount a "painting dolly." YOU can call it anything you like, but having several figures in close proximity is crucial for holding down the time required to paint each figure. (See accompanying illustrations for details.)

With six prepared and whitened figures ready to go, you will soon see why it's important to have similar figures on each dolly. There is to be no switching from one character type to another, and no jump from dwarf to giant in mid-brushstroke. Variation



©Gardner F. Fox

It was her eyes that drew his stare as he sat astride the high-peak saddle of his stallion, there on the edge of the huge slave market. They were a brilliant green, those eyes, and it seemed to Niall of the Far Travels as he looked, that there was a tiny flame glowing in each pupil.

Niall stood in the stirrups, lifting his giant body upright. Clad in the silver chainmail of his rank as High Commander of the armies of Urgrik, with the scarlet cloak hanging from his wide shoulders, he was ignorant of the men and women who turned to regard him.

All he was aware of was the girl.

She stood on the slave-seller's dais, all but naked, with a bit of torn sackcloth hiding her flesh. Her head was up tilted, there was a faint smile on her full red mouth when she saw how she interested him, and her breasts rose proudly as if to tempt him.

The flames were gone from her eyes, now. Her long black hair hung down her back, almost to her buttocks. There was a wild, untamed look about her, and a pride which seemed to reach out and caress him.

Niall urged his stallion forward. The people gathered there made room for him; they all knew him and how he was much honored by Lurlyr Manakor, their king. He paced the stallion to the very edge of the dais, and his upheld hand summoned the slave-seller forward.

"The girl off there to one side, where she stands alone," Niall rasped. "How much is she?"

Kavith Monalong was torn with greed. His black eyes slid toward the slave girl, then turned back to the High Commander. Never before had he known Niall to be interested in a slave. The thought touched his mind that he could make a very great profit here, but the cold stare of the High Commander turned his insides to water.

"Ten durakins, highness. Or say—eight."

Niall fumbled at a bag at his belt, loosing it and tossing it to the slave master. He did not watch as Kavith Monalong fumbled with the coins he poured into his palm, selecting several, and when the pouch was handed back to him he did not look at it but only tied its drawstrings to his belt.

"Come, girl," he called, waving an arm.

The girl ran to him with light steps, a happy smile on her mouth. She came to his stirrup and stared up at him with those bright green eyes that seemed to look deep inside him.

Niall put a hand to her, lifting her easily upward behind him, onto his stallion's croup. Then he turned and nudged the horse with a toe, walking it away from the crowd. After a moment he felt two soft arms close about his middle.

"How are you named, girl?" he asked.

"I am Mavis Deval, highness."

He waited, but she gave no more information. Then he said. "You come from the Southlands, I would guess. From Cassamunda, Torel Caberra, or perhaps even from Sensanall."

"You are very wise. I was born in Carthia, which is not far from Sensanall. I was working on a farm when raiders came and captured me. But I escaped from them, fleeing away in the night, and wandered about until I came on a slave caravan." I felt her shrug. "I was too exhausted to run any more. They fed me, chained me, and brought me here."

Niall paced the black stallion slowly over the cobblestones of the city, wondering at the eldritch impulse that had made him buy this girl. He owned no slaves, he did not believe in slavery, though it was practiced everywhere in his world. Well, that was easy enough to handle. He would free the girl, give her some gold, and send her on her way.

And yet—

There was something about her that appealed to him. He had never paid much attention to women, except for a tavern girl now and then, to assuage the hungers of his flesh. Perhaps it had been the sort of life he had, wandering here and there across his world, that had made him lead this almost monastic life.

He shrugged. He had enough to keep him busy, as High Commander of the armies of Urgrik, without bothering his head about some wench. Of course, Urgrik was at peace, there were no wars to draw his attention, and sometimes a man found Time lying heavy on his hands.

But, no. He would feed the girl, put some decent clothes on her,

and then send her packing. His shoulders straightened; his mind was made up.

Yet he was very aware of those arms about him, and from time to time he felt the weight of her head where she laid it against his back, almost caressingly. It was too bad he could not look into her eyes. They had fascinated him, from that very first moment when he had thought to see glowing flames inside them.

He toed the stallion to a canter.

When he was within the walls of his citadel, he caught her and lowered her gently to the cobbles. She stood there looking up at him, and her eyes and her lips smiled at him. Almost lovingly. It was as if she considered him to be her very own.

Niall swung down and guided Mavis Deval toward a huge oaken door. It creaked slightly as his hand moved it inward. The girl slipped ahead of him and walked with a lissome sway to her hips that caught his eye.

They went up a flight of stairs and into a chamber hung with thick drapes. Flames burned from a log in a huge fireplace. There was heavy furniture here, of rich mahogany: big chairs thick with pillows, a long table piled high with manuscripts, a vast oaken highboy that took up much of one wall.

Mavis Deval paused to look around her. "You must be a rich man, to own such a home."

Niall grinned. "Rich? Not I. All this belongs to the king. I just live here."

He was about to drop his cloak when the girl ran forward to take it from him, to fold it neatly and carry it to the highboy. As she walked, she looked back at him over a shoulder.

"Would you like to be rich?" she asked softly.

Niall barked laughter. "What man would not?"

She put his cloak inside the highboy and straightened, to regard him soberly. "I know where there is a treasure. A very big treasure. You can have it, if you want."

He grinned hugely. The idea of a slave girl telling him how to become wealthy amused him. "Now how would you know of such a thing?"

She looked sullen. "I have ears. I heard men speaking on the caravan that brought me here."

Something stirred deep within Niall of the Far Travels.

Beware, Niall my love! Beware this—woman!

Sheer surprise held Niall motionless. Aye! That was Emalkartha the Evil, the strange goddess of the eleven hells who had taken a fancy to him long ago, and who now loved him as devotedly as might any earthly woman.

But what would cause Emalkartha to be with him right now?

Mavis Deval walked toward him. She had a pulse-stirring walk, one that made him realize suddenly that she was a very beautiful woman. Something about her green eyes held him.

She put her hands palm down against his mailed chest. She was very near; he could smell the perfumes of her flesh, the scents seemingly woven into the texture of her thick black hair. He had been a long time without a woman, and this slave girl was very close, and seemed almost eager for his embrace.

Emalkartha stirred jealously within him.

Beware, Niall—you foolish one!

"You could have all that gold," Mavis Deval whispered. "There is so much of it! And—jewels, as well."

Almost bemused, he asked, "Why should you offer so much riches to me?"

"You bought me. You are a good man. You will make a good master."

He shook his head. "I'm setting you free. I'll feed you and put some decent clothes on your back, and give you many golden ruplets. You will be able to go where you want, do whatever it is that pleases you."

She inched nearer, so that he could feel her body against his own, and she shook her head, sighing. There was no doubt about it. This girl had an animal appeal to which his own body responded.

"I do not want to leave you, Niall." How was it that she knew his name? Kavith Monalong had not spoken it, nor had he. "You bought me. I belong to you."

"There is no room in my life for a girl."

Her smile was subtle. "There might be—if I make myself very pleasing to you."

Somehow his arms had gone around her body, holding her close. In something like surprise, he did not hear Emalkartha whispering angrily to him. Emalkartha was a very jealous goddess. She did not like Niall to hold or caress any other female but herself.

He was gazing down into her eyes when once again he saw those tiny flames deep within them. Just for an instant, a mere wink of time. Those flames seem to leap upward, as though in joy.

Niall drew back. He could not help himself, he was so surprised. Then—the flames were gone, and it was only Mavis Deval smiling alluringly up at him.

"This treasure," he made himself say, "Where is it?"

The girl laughed softly. "I shall take you there, master. Oh, so gladly! Then you shall be rich, you shall be able to have whatever it is you most want."

"But where can it be found?"

"In the mountains of Kareen, that lie a long distance away. We shall need horses and much food, but the trip will be well worthwhile. And you must bring extra horses, to carry all the gold and jewels."

To Niall, it seemed much too easy. He had not become High Commander of the armies of Urgrik by being a simpleton. There was someone he must see, and soon, about this.

"Go, girl. Upstairs you will find a bath. Cleanse yourself, and by that time, I'll have something better for you to wear than that bit of sackcloth."

She thrust herself against him, but he pushed her away gently. He needed time to think, and he could not do that with Mavis Deval so close.

The girl laughed up at him softly, as though she felt he was afraid of her beauty. She turned and moved away, haunches swinging invitingly. Niall watched her go, and there was a thin film of sweat on his forehead.

When she had gone, Niall moved to a small table set against the wall, on which stood a massive oak chest. He lifted the lid and reached in for some of the golden coins that lay there. He filled his leather pouch, drew a deep breath, and closed the chest.

This night, he must see Danko Penavar, the wizard.

2.

The moon was high and silver, far above the city rooftops, as Niall of the Far Travels walked the cobbled streets of Urgrik. Emotions warred within him. He told himself that he was a fool, there was no treasure in the mountains of Kareen, that lay so far away.

And yet—why should Mavis Deval speak of it, if it did not exist? Ha! He had offered her freedom. Why had she not accepted that freedom, and gone herself for all this gold? It was a puzzle he could not solve.

Yet if there were such a treasure, he wanted to own it. All his life, he had been a carefree sellsword, laboring where his talents at fighting and at swordplay put coins in his moneybag. It was time now for him to think of himself, of his future.

He came at last to a doorway hidden in thick black shadows. He raised the knocker there, carved in the face of a demon, and banged it

A soft wind that held a chill in it swept up the narrow lane. It made him shiver, so that he drew his cloak more closely about his big, thickly muscled body. His hand touched the hilt of his sword, Blood-drinker. Its firmness seemed to reassure him.

The door creaked open. He stared into a vast room, a room filled with golden censers and thuribles burning incense, with athenors cold now and empty of coals, with vials and cruets and flagons containing strange and mysterious elixirs. There was a fire glowing in the hearthstones, and by the red glare of the flames, Niall made out an old man, gigantic of build, who sprawled in a huge oaken chair.

The old man chuckled. "Enter, Niall. I have been expecting you."

"Have you, now?"

Niall entered the room, closing the door. He wondered how it had opened; the old man could not have done it, he was too far away, and there was no sign of any servants. Well, he ought to have expected nothing else from Danko Penavar.

The old man chuckled. "I have my ways of learning what goes on in

(Turn to page 39)

Fantasysmith (From page 5)

Stain Painting Technique

In the past, all painting had to be done with very careful, time-consuming hand detail... now you can get the same detailed effects in a fraction of the time. The real secret to stain painting is that it is self-shading. Rather than using full-strength paint, mix equal parts of paint and water. The thinned paint is "stained" into the white primer. The stain flows in a capillary action and tends to collect naturally in the folds and depths of the figure. The higher relief on the figure is only lightly stained. The effect is a self-shaded figure! . . . Only minor additional coloring is now required to finish off the figure.

Wash Techniques

Washing is very similar to staining, except the ratio is one part paint to three parts water. This very thin wash is applied to areas previously stained where it acts as a tinting agent to deepen details you want to enhance. For best results, use a darker version of the basic stain color.

Detailing Concepts

Straps, belts, pouches and so on may be dubbed in with only minimal care, as the dimensioning technique (to come) will cover all the edges and sharpen detail. For detailing use either full-strength paint or very slightly thinned paint.

Skin and Facial Features

All flesh tones are based on a base coat of our "Ruddy Flesh," which is applied full-strength. After this basic coat of flesh color is dry, various washes are applied to bring out the facial detail. (Painting facial features and flesh tones in general will be covered more fully in a future article.)

Dimensioning Technique

This is a final wash of Black or Gunstock Brown applied above and below belts, straps, pouches, etc. as well as between any abrupt color changes on the figure—for example, where a dark green coat overlaps white trousers. It is used not only to "pop out" fine detail but also to cover all raw edges and to define every part of the figure.

Drybrushing

Use full-strength paint which is the lightest member of the color family . . . wipe most of the paint out of your brush. Now, very lightly drag the brush over the figure. A little of the lightly colored paint will cling to the high points of the figure and all the high relief detail. You'll see the figure "come to life" instantly. . .

Protect

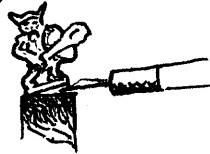
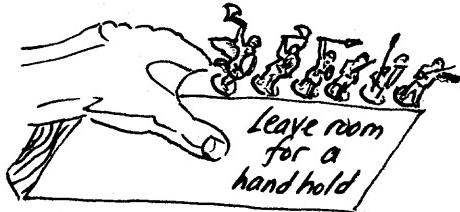
Now you'll want to protect your figure using either Matte or Gloss Protective Coatings.

(Thus endeth the reading from Duke Seifried.)

The DUKE'S DOLLY

Try it—
you'll like it.

Mount the figures before
priming, but after all
knife & file work.



Use white glue so
figures are easily
removed.

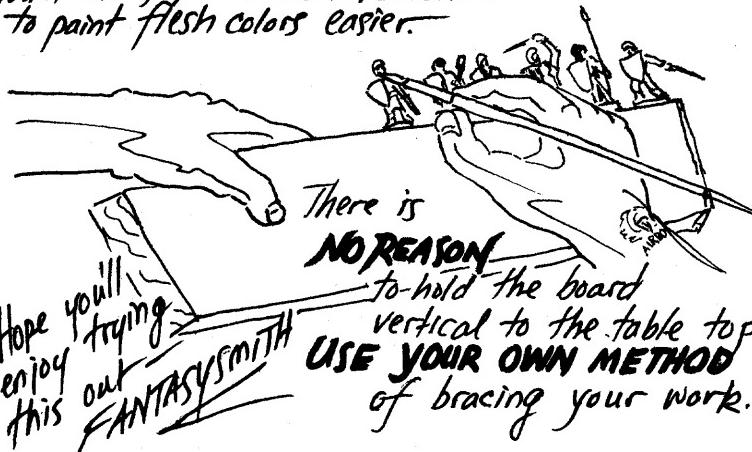
Dollies fall over
with a resounding

THUD



This damages your work, so . . .
Stand the dollies up with modelling clay, weights, or bookends,
or lay them flat.

Mount all faces in one direction
to paint flesh colors easier.



Hope you'll try
enjoy this out
FANTASYSMITH

There is
NO REASON
to hold the board
vertical to the table top.
USE YOUR OWN METHOD
of bracing your work.

After going over the words above, I feel the BELIEF was created from actually watching Duke paint up his figures. The words themselves, though worthwhile instructions, do not convey the excitement and certainty that viewing the master conveyed. His performance is really inspiring, and he's done it many times before awestruck audiences. Trouble is, this merchant of fantasy has not yet learned what the teachings of wizard Marshal McLuhan can teach him. By videotaping his well-prepared show on cassettes, the Duke could cover the world with inspiration. The magic of the media could change Duke from a third-level Magic-User to a fifteenth-level Illusionist. Since he's on our side, the hobby and all its adherents would benefit from this transformation.

If you still do not now BELIEVE, the Duke has graciously lent me several of his painted figures. (Me thanks to thee, m'Lord). When questioned thoroughly with the aid of my henchman's thumbscrews, the Duke

finally admitted that these took more than five minutes. "About ten. . ." he gasped, "And now will you please let me GO?" Duke's figures are supplemented in the photographs by the work of two others who use Heritage paints and methods similar to Duke's.

Even at "about ten" minutes, the time is cheap, and Duke's method is certainly worth trying. At ten minutes per figure, you can knock out five or six an hour.

Adding preparation, priming, and preservation time that is twice your painting time, and allowing for a ten-minute break each hour, you can finish 15 to 18 figures in just 3 evenings of three hours each. THAT'S REVOLUTIONARY!*

But you must first BELIEVE!

*This article is merely descriptive and is not a recommendation of Heritage paints by either the author or THE DRAGON.

(Turn to page 57)

A CAU for NPC's Gives Encounters More Believability

H. R. Lovins

Ducking down an alley to avoid being held up by a parade, we led the treasure-laden mules warily, on the lookout for footpads and chamberpots being emptied. Having risen five levels of skill without ever before hitting civilization, we were entirely of one mind: "Where's a bath, and where's the ACTION?"

My friend and I had taken our favorites: a Fighter with rippling muscles, a Cleric of somber colors and mood, a superstitious slinking Thief, and a couple of guardian Magic Users.

Unfortunately, someone else was using the back way for a similar evasion. Our leaders turned a corner into a party of a half-dozen well-dressed besworded gents who, not caring to sidle past our group, began to comment acidly on our travel-worn condition, and wonder aloud whether an unpleasant odor was ours, or native to the alley.

The leader, we discovered, was a Duke, CHA 17.

"What a pity we couldn't win him over," Jinx murmured. "Rich, influential, good-looking . . ."

"Wait a second!" I juggled books and papers, riffling hastily. "The Thief's gonna try something."

"Zilla always tried something! She's the craziest elf I ever saw."

"She was raised by gypsies—whatcha expect? Hey! You know if we're gonna get ANYTHING going in this town we're gonna hafta move in on the guys? They make NO provision for female players."

We applied the tables for "Encounters with Women." Zilla's Repartee was successful, the Duke erotic (plus five), and our madcap burglar had a free meal ticket. The other ladies had to find their own companions—later the Fighter bought herself a strapping barbarian slave—but in a place where males are in obvious dominance it seemed awfully odd (though the Duke seemed to like it).

That encounter is not the only time the passivity of NPC's bothered me, or their recklessness. Our group was prone to rate anything on a scale of 3 to 18—it's a shorthand to say so-and-so has a knowledge of 15 but a teaching ability of 4—including joking that a very careful and suspicious player-character had a "caution of 17." After that adventure in the city I put a few things together, and started giving my NPC's an actual Caution score (hereafter CAU).

Rolled once on three 6-sided dice, it gives each NPC a certain consistency of impetuosity. When propositioned, razzed, or otherwise encountered by players, an NPC must have his CAU exceeded on a 20-sided die before rolling reaction dice. Someone with a low CAU will be consistently more likely to interact with the players, for good or ill. A high-CAU character will, by rarely making it to reaction dice, generally excuse himself and walk away quietly, or ignore the party's existence (he may, however, make note of those guys who insulted or rescued him, for later). In contrast, an "uncertain" on reaction dice would mean that while remaining uncommitted, the NPC will at least continue to listen to the player, or go along provisionally (especially if you're both on your way to the door and have lost half your hit points).

Now to that original problem of mine: To determine if an NPC moves to involve himself on his own steam (the battered conjurer cowering in the hidden niche reveals himself to the dungeoneers, or the inn's resident pirate tries to recruit the characters), the ref pulls out the plastic dodecahedron or flips the die dial to 20, and rolls to exceed the CAU. If he does, the NPC acts; if not, he doesn't. In potential sexual situations the NPC's Libido score is rolled on the table below (I roll it once as a constant characteristic) and the plus or minus is applied to the CAU roll, no matter who is the aggressor.

To use Zilla and the Duke as an example: He has a plus 5. Assuming she comes on with a successful Line to catch his attention (see below), she rolls to try to score higher than his CAU (a good chance, as her range is 6-25). If she does, he acquiesces (this is equally applicable to male characters and female NPC's) (or whatever).

But let's say our Elven Thief is being coy. If the ref, seeing this as a possible situation, rolls less than the Duke's CAU, then the Duke will go his own way. But as the Libido bonus applies here also, the 6-25 range means that even if he's the most cautious man—CAU of 18—he stands a 35% chance of being overcome by his hormones and making a play for the lady(?). In this case, of course, acquiescence is up to the player ("No, I gotta rest up to raid that temple tomorrow. Sorry, Charlie").

In the original example, since there were several ladies in the party, if the Duke exceeded his CAU I would have hastily assigned each woman a number and diced to see in which one he took an interest.

Libido Table

1	Icy	- 4	Chance of Player's Line
2	Cool	- 3	being successful:
5	Tired	- 2	
4	Busy	- 1	CHA+INT=%
5-6	Average	0	(alternatively, the % can
7	Amiable	+1	be doubled)
8	Warm	+2	
9	Ardent	+3	
0	Erotic	+5	

Player Bonuses

Previously encountered NPC
(both CAU and Reaction rolls):

	Player's CHA:
	+3
Saved life	18
Were cordial or kind	17
Insulted, harrassed	+2
Attacked, or attempted to	13-16
	+1
	0
	-1
	-2
	-3

*Number is plus on CAU roll (they will react), but a minus on Reaction (react for the worst).



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AD&D's Magic System: How and Why It Works

©Gary Gygax

Working up rules about make-believe can be difficult. Magic, AD&D magic, is most certainly make-believe. If there are "Black Arts" and "Occult Sciences" which deal with real, working magic spells, I have yet to see them.

Mildly put, I do not have any faith in the powers of magic, nor have I ever seen anyone who could perform anything approaching a mere *first-level* AD&D spell without props. Yet heroic fantasy has long been one of my favorite subjects, and while I do not believe in invincible superheroes, wicked magicians, fire-breathing dragons, and the stuff of fairie, I love it all nonetheless! Being able to not only read about heroic adventures of this sort, but also to play them as a game form, increased the prospects of this enjoyment of imaginary worlds. So magic and dragons and superheroes and all such things were added to *Chainmail*.

Simply desiring to play fantasy-based games does not bring them into being as a usable product. Most of the subject matter dealt with has only a limited range of treatment. Thus, giants are always written of as large and not overly bright, save in Classical mythology, of course. Some are LARGE, and some are turned to stone by sunlight, and so on, but the basics were there to draw from, and no real problems were posed in selecting characteristics for such creatures in a game. The same is basically true for all sorts of monsters and even adventurers—heroes, Magic-Users, *et al.*

Not so with magic. There are nearly as many treatments of magic as there are books which deal with it.

What approach to take? In *Chainmail*, this was not a particularly difficult decision. The wizard using the magic was simply a part of an overall scheme, so the spells just worked; a catapult hurled boulders and a wizard fire balls or lightning bolts; elves could move invisibly, split-move and fire bows, and engage monsters if armed with magical weapons, while wizards could become invisible or cast spells.

When it came time to translate the rather cut-and-dried stuff of *Chainmail*'s "Fantasy Supplement" to D&D, far more selection and flexibility had to be delivered, for the latter game was free-form. This required me to back up several steps to a point where the figure began a career which would eventually bring him or her to the state where they would equal (and eventually exceed) a *Chainmail* wizard. Similarly, some basis for the use of magic had to be created so that a system of spell acquisition could be devised. Where should the magic power

come from? Literature gave many possible answers, but most were unsuitable for a game, for they demanded that the spell-caster spend an inordinate amount of time preparing the spell. No viable adventurer character could be devised where a week or two of preliminary steps were demanded for the conjuration of some not particularly mighty spell. On the other hand, spell-casters could not be given license to broadcast magic whenever and wherever they chose.

This left me with two major areas to select from. The *internal power*, or *manna*, system where each spell-caster uses energy from within to effect magic, requires assigning a total point value to each such character's manna, and a cost in points to each spell. It is tedious to keep track of, difficult to police, and allows Magic-Users far too much freedom where a broad range of spells are given. If spell points were to be used, it would require that either selection be limited or all other characters and monsters be strengthened. Otherwise, spell-users would quickly come to dominate the game, and participants would desire to play only that class of character. (As a point of reference, readers are referred to the handling of psionic abilities as originally treated in *Eldritch Wizardry*. Therein, psionic manna was assumed, the internal power usable to tap external sources, and the range of possible powers thus usable was sharply limited.)

Having read widely in the fantasy genre since 1950, I opted instead for the oft-used system which assumes that magic comes from power locked within certain words and phrases which are uttered to release the force. This *mnemonic power* system was exceedingly well articulated by Jack Vance in his superb *The Eyes of the Overworld* and *Dying Earth* novels, as well as in various short stories. In memorizing the magical words, the brain of the would-be spell-caster is taxed by the charged force of these syllables. To increase capacity, the spell-caster must undergo training, study, and mental discipline.

This is not to say that he or she ever understands the words, but the capacity to hold them in the memory and to speak them correctly increases thus. The magic words, in turn, trigger energy which causes the spell to work.

The so-called "Vancian" magic system allows a vast array of spells. Each is assigned a level (mnemonic difficulty) rating, and experience grades are used to expand the capacity of the spell-caster. The use of this particular system allows more restrictions upon spell-casting character types, of course, while allowing freedom to assign certain spells to lower difficulty factor to keep the character type viable in its early stages. It also has the distinct advantages of requiring that spell-users select their magic prior to knowing what they must face, and limiting bookkeeping to a simple list of spells which are crossed off as expended.

The mnemonic spell system can be explained briefly thus: Magic works because certain key words and phrases (sounds) unlock energy from elsewhere. The sounds are inscribed in arcane texts or religious works available to spell-users. Only training and practice will allow increased memory capacity, thus allowing more spells to be used. Once uttered, the sounds discharge their power, and this discharge not only unlocks energy from elsewhere, but it also wipes all memory of the particular words or phrases from the speaker's brain. Finally, the energy manifested by the speaking of the sounds will take a set form, depending on the pronunciation and order of the sounds. So a *Sleep* spell or a *Charm Monster* spell is uttered and the magic effected. The mind is wiped clean of the memory of what the sounds were, but by careful concentration and study later, the caster can again memorize these keys.

When *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* was in the conceptualization stages some three years ago, I realized that while the "Vancian" system was the best approach to spell-casting in fantasy adventure games, D&D did not go far enough in defining, delineating, and restricting its use. Merely having words was insufficient, so elements of other systems would have to be added to make a better system. While it could be similar in concept to the spell-casting of D&D, it had to be quite different in all aspects, including practice, in order to bring it up to a higher level of believability and playability with respect to other classes.

The AD&D magic system was therefore predicated on the concept that there were three power-trigger keys—the cryptic utterances, hypnotic gestures, and special substances—the *verbal*, *somatic*, and

material components, possible in various combinations, which are needed to effect magic. This aspect is less "Vancian," if you will, but at the same time the system overall is more so, for reasons you will see later.

Verbal spell components, the energy-charged special words and phrases, are necessary in most spells. These special sounds are not general knowledge, and each would-be spell-caster must study in order to even begin to comprehend their reading, meaning, and pronunciation, i.e., undergo an apprenticeship. The basic assumption of this training is the ability to actually handle such matter; this ability is expressed in intelligence or wisdom minimums for each appropriate spell-using profession.

Somatic spell components, the ritual gestures which also draw the power, must also be learned and practiced. This manual skill is less important in clericism, where touching or the use of a holy/unholy symbol is generally all that is involved, while in the Illusionist class it is of great importance, as much of the spell power is connected with redirection of mental energy.

Material components are also generally needed. This expansion into sympathetic magic follows the magic portrayed by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt in their superb "Harold Shea" stories, for example. Of course, it is a basic part of primitive magic systems practiced by mankind. In general, some certain material or materials are also needed to complete the flow of power from the spell-caster, which in turn will draw energy from some other place and cause the spell to happen.

now do considerable studying, but he or she must also have the source material to study. AD&D also assumes that such material is hard to come by, and even if a spell-caster is capable of knowing/memorizing many and high-level spells, he or she must find them (in the case of Magic-Users and Illusionists) or have the aid of deities or minions thereof (in the situation faced by Clerics and Druids). These strictures apply to other professions which are empowered with spell use, as appropriate to the type of spells in question. In order to expand mnemonic capacity, spell-users must do further study and be trained. Thus, the system is in some ways more "Vancian," as such information and studies are indicated, if not necessarily detailed, in the works of that author. It might also be said that the system takes on "Lovecraftian" overtones, harkening to tomes of arcane and dread lore.

In addition to the strictures on locating the information for new spells, and the acquisition of the ability to cast (new, more powerful) spells, the requirements of verbal, somatic, and material components in most spell-casting highlight the following facts regarding the interruption and spoiling of spells: Silencing the caster will generally ruin the spell or prevent its instigation. Any interruption of the somatic gestures—such as is accomplished by a successful blow, grappling, overbearing, or even severe jostling—likewise spoils the magic. Lack of material components, or the alteration or spoiling thereof, will similarly cause the spell to come to naught.

Of course, this assumes the spell has the appropriate verbal, somatic, or material components. Some few spells have only a verbal component, fewer still verbal and material, a handful somatic and material, and only one has a somatic component alone. (Which fact will most certainly change if I ever have the opportunity to add to the list of Illusionists' spells, for on reflection, I am convinced that this class should have more spells of somatic component only—but that's another story.)

All of these triggers mean that it is both more difficult to cast a spell, especially when the new casting time restrictions are taken into account, and easier to interrupt a spell before it is successfully cast.

Consider the casting of a typical spell with V,S, and M components. When the caster has opportunity and the desire to cast a spell, he or she must utter the special energy-charged sound patterns attendant to the magic, gesture appropriately, and hold or discard the material component(s) as necessary to finally effect the spell. Ignoring the appropriate part or parts, all spells are cast thus, the time of conjuration to effect the dweomer varying from but a single segment to many minutes or tens of minutes. These combinations allow a more believable magic system, albeit the requirements placed upon spell-casters are more stringent, and even that helps greatly to balance play from profession to profession.

A part and parcel of the AD&D magic system is the general classifi-

cation of each spell by its effect. That is, whether the spell causes an *alteration*, is a *conjunction/summoning*, *enchantment/charm*, etc. This grouping enables ease of adjudication of changes of spell effects or negation of power. It also makes it easier to classify new spells by using the grouping.

It seems inevitable that the classification and component functions will eventually lead to further extrapolation. The energy triggers of sound and motion will be categorized and defined in relation to the class of dweomer to be effected. This will indicate what power source is being tapped, and it will also serve to indicate from whence the magic actually comes, i.e., from what place or plane the end result of a successfully cast spell actually comes. Perhaps this will lead to a spell-casting character having to actually speak a rime, indicate what special movements are made, and how material components are used. While this is not seriously proposed for usual play, the wherewithal to do so will probably be available to DMs whose participants are so inclined.

It all has a more important and useful purpose, however. Defining the energy triggers will make it possible to matrix combinations by class of spell-caster and dweomer group. Mispronounced spells, or research into new spells, will become far more interesting in many ways if and when such information is available and put into use!

As it now stands, the AD&D magic system is a combination of reputed magic drawn from works of fiction and from myth. Although they are not defined, verbal and somatic components are necessary energy-triggers. The memorization of these special sounds and motions is difficult, and when they are properly used, they release their small stores of energy to trigger power from elsewhere. This release totally wipes all memory of sound and/or motion from the memory of the spell caster, but it does not otherwise seriously affect his or her brain—although the mnemonic exercise of learning them in the first place is unquestionably taxing. Duplicates of the same spell can be remembered also, but the cast spell is gone until its source is again carefully perused.

The new form which spell casting has taken in ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS has a more realistic flavor to it—unimportant, but some players revel in this sort of thing, and that is well enough. Of real importance, however, is the fact that it requires far more effort from spell-casters in gaining, preparing, and casting spells. It makes them more vulnerable to attacks which spoil the casting of the spell. All in all, it tends to make each and every profession possible for characters in AD&D to be more equal, but still very different, from all of the others. Lastly, it opens up new areas where new development can be done at some future time, and if such new material adds significantly to the enjoyment of the game, it will certainly be published—in experimental form herein, then possibly in final form in a revised edition of the work itself.

If the foregoing doesn't completely explain everything you or your players wish to know about the AD&D magic system; if after all of those words there are still unanswered questions, doubts, or disputes, remember the last and overriding principle of the whole: ITS MAGIC!





F.C. MacKnight

F. C. MacKnight is a Ph.D., Professor Emeritus from the State University of New York and happens to have had the rare privilege of having been friends with Fritz Leiber and Harry Fischer for many many years. The three of them go back together to before the first prototype of Lankhmar. The author is in the enviable position of having been around for the birth of the entire Nehwon cycle, and so can offer some rare insights. This is the third of five parts. —ED.

The Board

Whereas the board may be used as is, I have these recommendations to increase similarity to the original.

1. Move Ningauble's cave to a more inaccessible place. I suggest the north slope of the Mountains of the Elder Ones south of the Sea of Monsters. Any of these spaces would do. Sheelba's hut is also centrally located, but so it was in the original game. (The position on the Sinking Land renders it less so than it seems, and it is usually best approached by sea.)

2. Expand the Sinking Land area by about 20 spaces, for reasons stated previously.

3. I think that the position of the Northern Mercenaries' Fortress is too close to Kvarch Nar for comfort. It might be better placed on the other side of the Trollstep Mountains about midway to the Mingol stronghold to be equally embarrassing to both the Mingols and Kvarch Nar. This would put it off the board proper and on the white space to the north, but since the fortress itself would be used only as an exit for the Norsemen it wouldn't matter.

The Pieces

No change, of course, except replacing the cardboard squares with corks as previously described. (5/8" corks for the heroes, 1/2" for the warriors.)

Moves

It is essential that movement be restricted to a better approximation of the original speed of travel between citadels. I suggest the following rules:

Warriors—2 spaces per turn on Normal terrain, Desert and Steppes. One space in Woods, on Ice and crossing rivers. However, Kvarch Nar warriors go 2 spaces in woods. (This is Harry's suggestion. Making woods more difficult to travel in than open country was one of the early ideas, I understand, but was abandoned because of the agreement on one square as the ordinary move. It should work better on the new board.) Lankhmar warriors move in the salt marsh at 1 space per turn. Other warriors do not enter the swamps. No warriors cross mountains or go on the seas without a boat.

Heroes—3 spaces per turn on normal terrain, steppes and deserts; 2 on ice and when the move includes a river crossing. Pulgh moves 2 in the salt marsh; other heroes, 1. Fafhrd crosses mountains at 1 space per turn; others do not move on mountains. Mouser swims at 2 spaces per turn; no others swim.

Quarmallians—2 spaces per turn like the warriors. (They could go faster, but they really aren't interested in getting anywhere faster, swimming or climbing.) Their robes impede them in the forest, but they can travel over the marshes like the Lankhmarians.

Northern Mercenaries likewise move as ordinary warriors, but I think they should be able to move in the mountains and on ice like Fafhrd, who, after all, is also a Northern Mercenary! I do not favor

giving them superior forest speed like the men of Kvarch Nar even though their fort lies in the forest on the Lankhmar board as printed. (A temporary camp, perhaps? I prefer their fort to be placed north of the mountains as explained above.)

Animals—Horses move at 4 spaces per turn on normal terrain and steppes. They do not move on other terrains but move in the forests at a rate of 2 when ridden by men of Kvarch Nar only! Camels move at 3 on desert only. (Why may not horses move to some extent on desert, or camels on ordinary terrain? Matter of religion, perhaps. The Gods decree that it be not permitted!) Animals are not killed in battle and are presumed to remain where they are if the rider is slain. Movarl has the power to call loose animals to him, by telepathy one supposes, since the distance might be too great for subsonic whistles to penetrate. In this case the animals start to go to Movarl at 4 spaces per move.

Boats—2 spaces per turn. One man moves the boat. In two-man boats, the second man may attack since he hasn't moved, technically.

As in the new game, all pieces are moved or fight in one turn, or as many pieces as the player chooses. (This, as far as I know was an innovation when the game was invented, though several games now use this system, I believe.)

If a man uses a weapon, it counts as a move. He cannot both move and fight at the same turn.

The Weapons

Sword—kills at an adjacent square.

Spear—kills at an adjacent square or at a distance of two squares. In that case the spear is taken from its bearer and placed in the space of its erstwhile victim, from which it must be recovered in order to be used again. It may be picked up by anyone who passes through that square next.

Ax—same as spear, but none but Fafhrd and the Northern Mercenaries may use it at two spaces as a throwing weapon.

Arrow—used only by Bowman. Wounds at three spaces or less. A wounded man is restricted to the space on which he is hit and there he remains until and unless he is cured by a Reward. (Harry suggests that wounded men be allowed to move one space every other turn, an optional variation to be agreed upon.) The arrow is removed from the cork of the Bowman and thrust into the *side* of the wounded warrior. Two arrows kill a warrior and are left on the square of his demise. (All corpses are removed from the board!) It takes three arrows to kill a hero. A wounded hero moves 1 space at a time. A hero twice wounded is immobile, like a wounded warrior.

The fact that each Bowman is allowed only three arrows seems an odd artificiality. A quiver holds quite a supply of arrows; why not allow a dozen or so? I think this rule was for practical reasons of holding the "arrows" on the cork. (The pointed end of toothpicks were used, about 1/2" long or less.) In order to make sense of this I always thought of the "bowman" as not using the usual bows, but crossbows, and the arrows as metal bolts, which could explain the limited supply.

Sling—Only the Mouser has a sling. Like the arrow, it wounds at three spaces but it has the advantage of having unlimited ammunition, except on water. While swimming, the Mouser can't use it, and on the boat he is considered as carrying only two rocks of dangerous weight. Otherwise he is presumed to always be able to find a suitable missile. I think that limiting the number of arrows to the ordinary Bowman served the purpose of giving the Mouser an advantage befitting a hero. The advantage limited to land, however, as in boats the warrior-archer may still have three bolts.

Disbursements of Weapons and Other Equipment.

Swords: It is recommended that each warrior and hero of the four citadels wear a sword. In the original game there were 8 swords per citadel to be apportioned as the player prefers, with the result that the hero got one and the Geasman went unarmed, trusting that he would be allowed to pass near possible armed foes in safety.

But every Geasman is a threat to his adversaries in that the reward for a successful Geas may react to their disadvantage and that the dispatching of the Geasman would necessitate another put on the Geas and the loss of an active warrior. Since another Geas must be dealt with every five turns, it would be possible to deplete a force to the point of easy access to the citadel, so it is to the advantage of each player to impede a Geasman of his adversary when it may be done without depleting his own active force. An unarmed Geasman may fall easy victim to anyone who catches him, and surely deserves some defense. In the game of LAHKMAR, the player had a high regard for the safety of his warriors. Indeed they were heroes all, led by a super-hero! It goes against the grain to send a worthy, unarmed man to his death. At least he should require more than one of an enemy force to stop him, thus providing some slight military benefit whilst performing his Geas. And the 8-sword limit is a bit of a mystery anyway. (Steel shortage in Nehwon? Metallurgy a lost art?)

Parenthetically, it should be pointed out that this high regard one has for his own force is not also reflected in his attitude toward the adversary warriors. The minions of the opposing citadels are regarded as vile, degenerate, perverted dastards who delight in pillage, rape and the dismemberment of small children, and who have no more idea of manly honor than a slime-mold. They are blights on the face of Nehwon who should be exterminated without mercy! And to effect such an extermination is the worthiest cause for which one could die!

I recommend that the Norsemen and the Quarmallians receive no swords, not because of a steel shortage but because of their preferences. The Northerners consider swords effeminate. They like a weapon they can really get their back into, the two-handed ax. The Wizards, on the other hand, do not regard the use of swords as properly befitting their dignity. A spear can be defended against with a minimum of personal force and a maximum of magic. And if these fellows are given too many weapons, they would attain the stature of heroes.

Spears: Kvarch-Narians are allotted four spears; hence they have four spearmen who also carry swords. Lankhmarians and Easterners are allotted two spears each. It would be possible to have one man carry two spears, which might be sensible if the number of swords were limited, but there is less reason if all warriors carry swords. The Quarmall magicians each carry a spear, which they probably propel by magic without the necessity of flexing their muscles too much or causing them to assume an undignified posture ill befitting their intellectual stature. No spears for the Mingols or Norsemen!

Bows (or Crossbows, if one prefers): Four bowmen, each with three bolts or arrows to the Mingols. Two bowmen with similar supplies to each Lankhmar and the City of the East. Strangely, the foresters of Kvarch Nar prefer the spear and get no bows, contrary to the tradition of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. If one thinks that they deserve the bows rather than the spears, their equipment may be traded with that of the Mingols.

Why shouldn't the Mingols be the spearmen? I don't know why Fritz and Harry arranged it the way they did, but as I recall, Fritz did allow the bow prominence in Mingol warfare in his stories. No bows to Quarmall or the Northerners.

Axes: No axes to anyone but the Northerners and Fafhrd. They like to give the old two-handed swing with a satisfying, crunching meat-ax thud!

Sling: No one but the Mouser uses this. If Mouser perishes there is no value in picking this up because no one else has the expertise to handle it effectively.

The Heroes' armament: Originally, only Movarl got a sword in addition to the eight allotted to a Citadel, but it was usual for a player to assign a spare sword to the other heroes too, which brings up a point to which we all seem to have forgotten the answer: If Movarl has only a sword, then Kvarch Nar is a bit short in its offensive strength compared to the other citadels. In addition to the regular assignment of weapons, Fafhrd has an ax, Pulgh a spear, and Mouser a sling which is the near

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equivalent of a bow (and the bow is regarded as the equivalent of the spear or the ax).

A sword can't be the equivalent of these because it is only effective at one space while the others have an additional range. Nevertheless, Harry is convinced that a sword is all Movarl got. And it might be that since Movarl's was an *additional* sword that it was considered compensatory. But if we allow all heroes to have a sword plus their special weapon, then it obviously is not. So unless we have forgotten something, Kvarch Nar seems to have a built-in disadvantage. The other three heroes have abilities to go faster on certain terrains; Movarl doesn't. (To give him three spaces per move in the forest would seem to have him swinging through the trees, Tarzan-like!) His ability to call animals only compensates for his lack of heroic advantage in movement, not in weapon weakness. Could he do anything with his sword that other heroes couldn't? Harry is positive on that: No!

And this leads into the problem of why the heroes don't have superior fighting powers. All the superiority of the hero lies in his endurance and fleetness. This may be explained using the hypothesis that all warriors are fighting specialists and the equivalent of the heroes in their art. We allow the man who awaits the attacker to be the winner by virtue of his presumed readiness giving him a slight advantage over the just-arrived attacker, and to win, the latter must have help, but also must die in the attempt. Then too, the game was invented before Fritz had built Fafhrd and the Mouser into well-nigh invincible supermen. It did not seem out of place to allow the possibility of their being conquered.

Nevertheless, though Harry is sure that such is the case, Fritz and I have the memory that the heroes did have some sort of fighting superiority. Should the spear of Pulgh and the ax of Fafhrd kill at three spaces? And Mouser's sling kill rather than wound? Even so, what could Movarl do with a sword that would be comparable? Throw it? Nonsense! Be an expert in handling two swords at once? If that were true we should certainly remember it. Be permitted to win on an attack against a plain warrior? Again, no.

After brooding about this enigma, my memory regurgitated an answer that I think was correct; and if it isn't, it could have been! A hero is only wounded rather than killed in an adjacent swordfight with a warrior, and perhaps against a thrown ax or spear of a warrior or mercenary. Why wasn't this remembered? Probably because we played with such care that heroes were rarely disabled. If trapped they were usually terminated.

But this still doesn't solve the inequality of Movarl; hence I recommended that he, like Pulgh, be issued a spear over the normal amount allotted for the citadel.

(It is of passing interest that in the later Saga, both Fafhrd and the Mouser are primarily swordsmen. Fafhrd did use an ax but it is not his usual weapon, and Mouser rarely used a sling at all. Nor is he famed for swimming. It is also of interest to note that neither Fafhrd nor Mouser is allied to Lankhmar in this game, though it is their most frequent locale in the Leiberian saga. But this isn't surprising since they are never more than outlanders in Lankhmar and usually at odds with the authorities.)

Boats: Two large, one small to Lankhmar. One large, one small to both Kvarch Nar and the City of the East. We never found this to be a great advantage to Lankhmar, being between the other two. The game supplies 6 large and 6 small boats, of which only 4 large and 3 small are assigned. Geas rewards mention gifts of a large boat and two small, allowing more rewards to be invented. Since there are sufficient boats, Harry recommends that one boat go to the Mingols and be placed on the shore of the Sea of Monsters. The Mingols got no boat in the original game because there was no such sea on the old board. Now there is, and such a boat is apropos. It is true that if Ningauble's cave is placed where I recommended it to be, then a Mingol archer could be dispatched to patrol the south shore and shoot any hostile Geasman showing up for his reward. But the game thrives on such situations. The Geasman will need an escort to shoot the Mingol boatman; that's all! The Mingol boat should be a small one. Then there is Sheelba's boat, which may not be used without her permission. (What if someone should try to steal it? It wouldn't move, and her wrath would be too frightful to contemplate!)

Animals: Mingols are allowed 4 horses, Kvarch Nar 2, Lankhmar 2, City of the East none. Camels: City of the East 4, other citadels none.

Riders may be spearmen, bowmen or merely swordsmen if desired. Men of the City of the East must leave their camels at the edge of the desert, and get horses by slaying enemy riders. Likewise, enemies invading the desert citadel must get camels the hard way if at all. (But if Movarl is there and there are any loose camels he could get them.) The camels are evidently dromedaries, since no Bactrian camels are available in the Mingol camp. Extinct in Lankhmar, no doubt.

The Geases

There are three alternatives, all equally in the spirit of the old game.

1. The Geasman is always in danger and should avoid hostile adversaries at all times. (Same situation as described above under sword allotment.)

2. The Geasman is sacrosanct as long as he is on the quest. This is based on the idea that once the Geas hits him he is incapable of thinking of anything else. He goes toward his destination in the shortest possible route even if it is between warring factions, who let him by without harm. But having accomplished the Geas, he is on his own to return to get the reward.

3. The Geasman is also sacrosanct on the way to get his reward, but after having visited Sheelba or Ningauble he is subject to any hostile action and can start acting as an active agent of his city.

In all of these cases it is important to have a sword, as recommended above.

Players are invited to try all variations to see which works best or pleases most.

The Geas is particularly important in the game, being the only intrusion of luck into the otherwise chess-like format. Losing can always be blamed on the fickle dispositions of Ningauble of the Seven Eyes and Sheelba of the Eyeless Face, and thus the game is always "upbeat" for the contestants.

(And, in passing, one might wonder where Ningauble's other five eyes are. Since he usually goes hooded, reliable witnesses are rare. Some say that all seven eyes are on stalks, as befitting someone from an outer world; others that he has two normal eyes, the other five being in the heads of vultures flying above Nehwon so he can see what's going on. Or maybe in his brain opening on to other worlds if he is interested in events elsewhere. Sheelba, on the other hand, doesn't need eyes to know what goes on anywhere!)

How do the Geases given in the Lankhmar game serve in a return to the old game? Those which do not specify either Ningauble or Sheelba as the giver should be apportioned between the two, "Ningauble" or "Sheelba" being written on the card so that the recipient may know where to report for the reward.

Of those printed, eight are from Sheelba, eight from Ningauble, one for either, and seven unspecified.

There is nothing fair about the Geases. Ningauble and Sheelba evidently don't know what the word means. But there is a definite favoritism built into this assortment which is uncharacteristic of these rulers of fate.

7 of the Geases definitely favor Lankhmar in that they are easily accomplished by a native of that Citadel and difficult or nearly impossible for others.

5 similarly favor Kvarch Nar.

3 favor the Mingols.

3 favor the City of the East.

2 are equally easy for Lankhmar and the City of the East.

Adding these last two makes the score: Lankhmar 9, City of the East 5, Kvarch Nar 5, Mingols 3.

It would probably be best to add some Geases favoring the Mingols and eliminate two that favor Lankhmar.

The tabulation above does not include two Geas cards that postpone the Geas and two that cancel it. These, I think, seem to be out of the spirit of the Geas, but not necessarily, considering the unreliability of the two principals.

One Geas that might require alteration is the one about putting a sword in the river Tilth. With swords for all and no necessity of a physical symbol for one it would be a matter of special handling to see that the Geasman acquired an additional sword for the purpose. If he departs from his own citadel, it could be assumed that he takes a spare sword along for the purpose of putting it in the river. If he is alerted on

the battlefield, it would be up to him to pass by a dead warrior who doesn't need his any more, or give up his own and then be swordless till he encounters such a corpse or returns to his own citadel.

The Rewards

For reasons already stated, the four Rewards involving going to a citadel other than your own to get weapons should be withdrawn. It also seems silly to be getting swords from citadels that don't have enough to completely outfit their own men, if we suppose that only 8 swords are allotted; and if we allow all men to have swords, the reward is meaningless and would be refused anyway. The one about adding to your dice roll would be omitted since in this game there is no dice roll.

In getting aid from mercenaries it must be decided whether to allow the rewards as given, or to substitute some which give the entire mercenary force to the player for a certain number of moves. I favor the latter course, because it has made for very interesting situations and does not require any special ways to indicate a mercenary's allegiance. The later possible realignment of the mercenary forces was one of the likable uncertainties of the game. I suggest 15 turns of servitude. After their term is up, the Quarmallians stay on their spaces indefinitely, and the Norsemen may start back home at a slow pace of one space per turn in the hope that they will be recalled. They too can stay in place if desired, unless it is on the Sinking Land, in which case they should move off it. The permanent acquisition of a mercenary or two would entail some sort of banner on the cork to indicate the citadel to which he owes allegiance.

More important is the fact that such a Reward is one of the few that would really give a long-term benefit that might be the deciding factor in a game, since the award is permanent and can't recoil against the recipient, as most Rewards may if they are not just useless.

In other words, it is too good a reward! It might be thought that such a situation would be psychologically unsound: a mercenary fighting against a comrade. Not so. The Quarmall wizards would spear down a fellow sorcerer because it only means his immediate arrival back to the comforts of home in his reincarnation there. And a Berserker would chop the head of an erstwhile companion with a cheerful "See you in Valhalla!"

Otherwise the Rewards are typically exasperatingly useless in most cases. The blanks may be written in with equally disappointing boons and maybe a few helpful ones, but not too helpful. (Some suggestions will be appended.)

Miscellany

I don't recall ever finding a new board game that didn't have some ambiguity in the rules as printed, or something completely missing that should have been covered. It is a great advantage to play with the originators of a game. Then if something like that comes up, an authoritative judgment may be made forthwith! In the old game of Lahkmor, at least one such authority was always present, so such unevennesses were promptly and effectively ruled on. But the rulings may not have been well remembered later if the situation was one that occurred infrequently, perhaps just once.

A case in point is what happens when a man gets into the range of a wounded enemy. Can the wounded man repulse as if he were in normal condition? First attempts at reformulating Lahkmor rules neglected this, but conference with Harry yielded the following.

A wounded warrior who is unable to move must be regarded as unable to withstand combat with a sound opponent and is killed in situations where he would normally be victor.

A once-wounded hero can still kill a warrior but will lose to another hero. A twice-wounded hero can wound a warrior.

The above applies principally to sword play on adjacent spaces, but also applies to the use of the spear at similar distance and long range, since a good throw of the spear requires the use of both legs, which the wounded man doesn't have. It may be agreed that a wounded man can operate the bow which requires only the arms. (This ruling can lead to an argument, thus:

"How do you know he is wounded in the lower part of the body? Why not on the arms or shoulder, which would rule out using the bow?"

"Because according to the rules he doesn't move. Therefore he must be wounded so as to prohibit his traveling on foot. If he were just

hurt on the arm the rules wouldn't provide for it."

"Sophistry!"

But having rules like this seems to be the way it must be handled unless dice are used to determine a degree and type of injury.

If the wounded man is mounted it would be more likely that he would be unable to use his arms. A functioning wounded archer mounted would still be a bad threat, but I think this is too great a complication. At least the wounded man can move when mounted.

Harry wanted a wounded warrior to be able to finish off another wounded warrior at close quarters. O.K., but how would one wounded man be so close to another since being wounded keeps them from moving? The suggestion of allowing a wounded man to move one space every other turn could do it. But is it likely enough to make a rule of it? How about this?

Scenario: One wounded warrior crawls feebly toward another. "Black Blaghör," he gasps, "I'll drink your blood if it's the last thing I do!" And he staggers forward with outstretched sword only to be impaled by Blaghör's feebly raised spear!

I say forget it. Let wounded men be mutually impotent with the larger weapons.

I think matters like this can be decided on the logic of the thing, albeit with many arguments. Another such problem is whether a mounted man should have any advantage over a man on foot in combat. The mounted man moves as a unit, not as a man riding upon a independently moving horse. It is conceivable that a mounted man with spear might be considered to have enough advantage over a walking swordsman to disallow the normal outcome of such an encounter, but I think that if the players feel strongly about it they can decide on an exception. It might be best for such players to add the element of probability to the old game and make a compromise between the old and the new.

[Next part will give a summary of the above regulations, and propose a compromise game, adding combat probability to the older game.]

Special Editor's note:

After Prof. F.C. Macknight had sent Part 2 of his series on LANKHMAR to The Dragon, he again contacted the creators of the original game, LAHKMAR. Harry Fischer and Fritz Leiber provided some extra information and corrections, but Prof. Macknight's revisions did not reach our office in time to be incorporated in the issue (TD 31) in which Part 2 was published. Here, for the record, are the bits of new information:

The original LAHKMAR board was six feet long and three feet wide, not "about five feet long and two and a half feet wide," as indicated on page 32, paragraph 5.

The squares on the original LAHKMAR board measured 1½ inches on a side (page 33, paragraph 2).

"The moves and capture methods" (page 33, paragraph 7) should be changed to the following, which provides more detail: On normal terrain, steppes, desert, forest and ice, the ordinary warrior moves one space in any direction; the hero two. No one moves on salt marsh, mountains or sea (except in boats) but some heroes. Fafhrd can cross mountains, Pulgh can move on the salt marsh and Mouser can swim, one square at a time. (Movarl had no extra mobility but had the talent of being able to call animals to him, telepathically, I think.) A wounded warrior is immobile; a wounded hero moves one space. A horse goes two spaces but may not move on a desert, forest, marsh land, or ice. Camels move three spaces on desert and are restricted to desert. (I never knew the reason for this advantage in speed for the camel.)

Insert the following between paragraphs 11 and 12 on page 33: In addition to the terrain advantages of the heroes on LAHKMAR, LANKHMAR allows Movarl an advantage on desert. (For compensation, I suppose. No other reason since he is a forest dweller!)

In the section about the Quarmallians (page 34) insert the following: In LAHKMAR the Quarmall wizards were armed only with spears; in LANKHMAR they are given swords and bows.

In the section about the Northern Mercenaries (page 34), insert the following: In LANKHMAR these northern berserkers are armed with swords, spears and axes, making them formidable indeed! In LAHKMAR they carried only axes.

Smoothing Out Some Snags In the AD&D® Spell Structure

Lenard Lakofka

I sent a series of questions on AD&D to prospective Dungeon Masters prior to GenCon XII. I did this not to find any "correct" answers to the questions, but to see how much thought the individuals had given to the game. I felt that some spells leave a great deal unsaid (or they say too much), and thus individual rulings are often necessary to prevent abuses and to make the game fair and equitable for players and "monsters" alike. In this article I would like to touch upon various spells and their problems. Some of these I discussed with Gary Gygax as I helped edit the *Dungeon Masters Guide* (along with a score of others) and some are rulings that arose as my campaign progressed. Gary did not agree with me on all of the following, and thus my rulings are not to be considered "official" AD&D. Yet I feel strongly enough about them to offer them for your consideration.

Enlarge/Shrink

I have found that making the Magic-User select whether he or she will enlarge/shrink a living being or his or her equipment saves a lot of time and trouble. Remember that equipment obtains a saving throw on a piece-by-piece basis. Since this saving throw is not defined in the saving throw matrix and since the raw material of the item(s) is not germane, I suggest a s.t. of 11 on an item-by-item basis. Magic items gain a s.t. of no more than 9 while taking into account additional pluses to hit/damage/defend or a very powerful magic nature. Thus a Sword +2 would gain a s.t. of 7 instead of 9, a Staff of Power might be given a s.t. of 5. Remember that items that shrink must fall off instead of harm, thus a shrunken ring would not cut a figure's finger off. But remember also that a cursed item, like a Ring of Contrariness, would NOT fall off since Enlarge/Shrink is no substitute for a Remove Curse! Thus the players cannot be allowed to "get around" the rules by using a first-level spell to replace a higher-level spell. In such a situation the DM rules that the Ring of Contrariness is immune to the Enlarge/Shrink magic.

Identify

Once an item is identified it will NOT give any other impressions if a subsequent Identification is attempted by the same or another Magic-User. The item would have to be left alone and apart from others for a period of at least a year before the effect of the Identifying would be eliminated. Failure to observe this rule will mean that an item is exposed to multiple Identifications. Also, "impressions" about an item should be vague and cloaked in visual imagery.

Light

The DM guide says a figure will be at -4 on "to hit," saving throws and even armor class. I find that to be too drastic of a penalty; I'd suggest -2. Also, I think the effect wears off since the figure can move away; it is like a flash bulb going off in your face. The effect wears off in 1-4 rounds without resorting to magic. The eyes are not damaged in any way!

Magic Missile

Gary Gygax and I have gone around in a circle on this spell for some period of time. The controversy, in my opinion, lies around the fact that there is NO SAVING THROW and that the missile goes "unerringly" to its target. Why is this so annoying to me? It is unfair because it allows players to foil most opposing spells by putting a Magic Missile into the opposing spell caster, it allows Magic Missiles into melee regardless of the size difference and quantity of 'friends' in the melee, and it allows for shots that would amaze Robin Hood with their accuracy!

Welcome to

Leomund's Tiny Hut

Gary says that a Magic-User can counter with a simple spell like Shield to prevent this damage. What he overlooks is that the opponent must take a round to cast the Shield and in that time the spell caster is beset by fighters, *et al.* I find it too unfair to "monsters" that a single FIRST-level spell can be this powerful. Therefore, I have modified the spell in the following ways:

1. There is still no saving throw if the target is surprised, immobile, walking or prone and is at least the size of a Kobold.

2. Figures in melee, figures running (except those running right at the spell caster), figures evading, behind (or moving behind) significant cover, or casting a spell obtain some type of saving throw. This saving throw is their normal one with modification as follows:

A figure casting a spell obtains a s.t., but at -4.

A figure in melee obtains a normal s.t. but adds +1 for every opponent above the first one he/she/it is fighting (unless the size differential is so significant that the opponents do not get in the way—i.e., 6 dwarves against a hill giant would allow the giant a normal s.t. Missiles that MISS their target might hit others in the melee! Select a figure and then give him/her/it a normal s.t. to see if the stray missile hits or misses. In the above example, the dwarves would not be hit.

All saving throws are on a missile-by-missile basis.

Missiles fire at a rate of 1 every 3 seconds. Thus, a figure moving behind a wall might not be hit by every missile in a barrage of Magic missiles.

A figure with over 50% cover (who then presents a target size of $\frac{1}{2}$ a kobold) always obtains a s.t. of from 16 to 20 depending upon cover and his/her/its actions. This prevents firing through an arrow slit some hundred feet away to hit some poor guard.

I have found it necessary to rule in this way to stop Magic-Users from Magic Missiling everything that walks because of the broad language of the spell text. Magic Missile, as written, is too powerful and must be toned down.

Protection From Evil

If a figure so protected goes up to an opponent which is not allowed a physical touch because of the spell, and starts to beat on him/her/it, that opponent is NOT prevented from returning the blows! But as soon as the figure ceases and backs off, assuming the spell is still in effect, the Protection again applies. This ruling was agreed to by Gary Gygax when we discussed Will-o-the-Wisps and Protection from Evil. Naturally, a protected figure could discharge missiles or spells and still be protected from physical touch.

Write

Obviously, a figure will want to use this spell to pen in *known* spells, since it will save him/her a terrific amount of time! Unfortunately, this is in the scope of the spell, though not stated, but it is very unfair to all other spell-casting classes, which cannot obtain this "shorthand" method of authoring spell in their books. It should be noted that a Magic-User cannot author an Illusionist spell, nor may a Scroll be authored by the use of Write in ANY circumstance.

Continual Light

This spell damages the eyes of someone/something at which it is

thrown. This "damage," however, should be considered semi-permanent. It will make the figure -4 "to hit," -4 on saving throws that can be affected by sight (a figure saving versus polymorph or stone can be blind or not blind—the s.t. would not change, but saving versus a fire ball or lightning bolt would be more difficult if the figure could not see it coming as well as he/she/it normally could), and -4 on armor class in melee situations, since defense is more difficult.

This "damage" to the eyes does wear off, and a figure should obtain a s.t. daily to throw off the effects. Of course, Cure Blindness or even Cure Serious Wounds (or any better cure, not Cure Light Wounds, however) will remove the effects at once. If Continual Light actually caused full blindness it would be a fantastically powerful spell, since it has a range component. What cleric would ever choose to cast Cause Blindness by touch when he/she could do it at a 120-foot range?

Remember that if the target makes its saving throw, the circle of light still goes off behind him/her/it. Aiming at a figure's eyes implies the ability to make a smaller, more concentrated sphere of light for this one circumstance, but if the s.t. fails the small sphere expands to full size. If this were not true, people would be partially blinded every time they entered a circle of continual light. Continual Light from a lantern can blind as in a Light spell (see previous ruling on Light) only if the lantern is opened right in the face of an opponent (10-foot range or so).

Invisibility

While violence causes the instant negation of Invisibility, I think that other magics do so also. I rule that if a Magic-user is invisible he/she will become visible in the segment during which he/she discharges a magic item or begins to cast any spell. Also, an invisible figure can not receive another spell without negating the invisibility. Thus a figure can be enlarged, strengthened, hastened and then made invisible, but Invisibility MUST be the last spell throw or it is negated at once! Note that a figure's "gear" is not equivalent to another figure. "Gear" above and beyond normal encumbrance will not become invisible and will spoil the effect of the entire spell. Lastly, "gear" can not be passed around to others and remain invisible. The trick of giving all weapons to the Magic-user to hold while Invisibility is cast and then passing the invisible weapons back to the other players is unfair. Invisibility can be used to make an individual weapon, its scabbard (holder) and belt invisible, of course. Drawing the weapon will negate the invisibility.

Stinking Cloud

A person is not absolutely "helpless," either in the cloud or if he/she/it fails a normal saving throw. The figure cannot cast spells, but can defend his or her person with a weapon at -2 to hit and -3 from effective armor class (all dexterity bonuses are lost *in addition*). A figure emerging from such a cloud is more easily surprised. The duration of 2-5 turns is far too long, in my opinion. I use 2-7 rounds, though figures (monsters) with 2 or fewer levels (hit dice) are RELATIVELY helpless for 3-12 rounds. Thus, a figure in the cloud or one who fails the saving throw cannot attack while suffering from the cloud's effects.

Web

A non-corporeal figure can not be webbed. A figure with access to another plane can easily exit the web. A figure with multi-plane simultaneous access can also get out of the web as if the web were half strength. I do not allow for the possibility of suffocation in a web—if this is allowed, Web and Stinking Cloud as a combination are absolutely lethal! Burning Hands, Produce Flame, a Flaming Sword, etc. are superior defenses versus this spell. If they are used as the web is forming there is no effect and no burn damage. A Web can be thrown at a flying figure to tangle its wings, but if a saving throw is made the web completely misses. Large beasts will not be affected by Web even if they are flying.

A figure in a Web cannot just be slain. First of all, weapons used to slay figures must make a s.t. or be caught in the material themselves! Second, a figure has both a small amount of mobility in a web and a chance to draw a weapon. Thus a webbed figure has a 50% chance to cast a low-level spell that has no material component, but only a 25% chance if a material component is involved (unless it is in hand when the figure is webbed). A webbed figure can defend at -6 effective



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armor class and is -5 to hit (50% of the time he or she will have a weapon free; the other 50% no attack is allowed), always striking last! Thus, webbed figures can not be killed like Sleeping or unconscious figures can!

Fire Ball/Lightning Bolt/Cone of Cold, etc.

If the figure makes his/her/its saving throw then carried items, if you choose to expose them to the spell, should gain a saving throw bonus of at least +4.

Haste/Slow

I have always been opposed to a spell with no saving throw—especially Slow, which can be so devastating to a figure. I prefer to allow a saving throw versus these spells but to increase the area to 6"x6" to make up for this bonus.

Ice Storm

Note that items which must make a saving throw must have been exposed to the spell. An item(s) in a back pack, e.g., need not make a s.t.

Polymorph Other

I made some clearer rules for this spell since it is so often abused. First of all, there should be some level/hit die parity between the target and the resultant monster when the result has more hit dice than the target. Thus, an orc polymorphed into a red dragon will yield only a baby, or perhaps a red egg!

When extradimensional or undead creatures are polymorphed, they keep their essential nature. Thus, a Wight into an elf will produce a large man and will summon the god to seek revenge for using his name in vain, regardless of alignment similarity. A figure can not gain psionics by being polymorphed, nor can extra abilities be gained of a magical nature. Thus, a Troll into a Demon Type I will produce the form but not the demon's magical abilities or the magic resistance. However, a Demon Type I into a cow would still have a magic resistance of 50%!

Shapechangers can "flip back" into another form after one round, so a vampire, succubus, ogre mage, etc., which was changed into a beetle could change back on the next round.

Polymorph Self

Again, it is impossible to change into Amos the Druid by means of this spell. An exact end result is not insured by use of this spell.

Cloudkill

The Magic-User can move behind the cloud at his/her NORMAL movement rate. If he/she runs (or is hasted), the cloud might inadvertently be overtaken and the Magic-User might stumble into his own death trap! I set this chance at 4% per inch of movement using a base rate of 12"/turn. A flying figure has double this chance, compared to a base rate of 9"/turn. A figure who wants to cause the cloud to turn must take active control of it and can perform no other action in that round. Once the Magic-User stops moving, the cloud immediately slows to a rate of 1"/round.

A flying figure who tries to control a Cloudkill is 40% likely to lose control per round. An invisible figure (even if using a Ring of Invisibility) cannot control a Cloudkill's movement. Once control is lost, it can only be reestablished once. Once a figure allows a cloudkill to slow to 1"/round, it can only be accelerated once! Attempting to control or move the cloud twice will not work; instead, the Magic-User will walk right into it!

Magic Jar

The range allows for no intervening stone or metal but allows for up to 1" (real dimensions) of wood, cloth or leather within 5' of the jar.

Teleport

Viewing through a Crystal Ball counts as "Viewed Once" for the purpose of high/low calculations.

Enchant an Item

I plan to do an entire article on magic item manufacture soon. Since

much of this spell is my invention, I feel I can speak on it accurately. The DM must remember that Enchant an Item will never be found on a scroll and will never be sold/traded between Magic-Users. While many items are clear-cut in their necessary enchantments, some are more complex. This will be discussed in detail at a later time.

Bless/Chant/Prayer

I rule that these spells are NOT additive.

Cures

Only one cure can be effective per round; thus, multiply enchantments cannot all work at the same time. A figure cannot be cured of blindness or a disease and also gain back hit points all at once.

Fear Touch

There is a saving throw allowed the target creature.

Glyph of Warding

Electrical shock is cast by a 5th or higher level Cleric.

Explosive is cast by a 7th or higher, paralyzation by a 9th or higher, blindness by an 11th or higher and energy drain by a 16th or higher level Cleric.

Sticks to Snakes

Snakes have 2 hit points/level, and every 8 h.p. = 1 H.D. for the purpose of attack. Movement is 6"/round, Armor Class is 6. 1 H.D. or less can do 1-4 points of damage, 1 + 1 H.D. to 4 H.D. 1-6 points of damage, and 5 H.D. + can do 1-8 points of damage. Saving throws versus poison snakes are at +2, +1 and 0, respectively for the three classes of snakes.

Entangle

Grasses allow for some movement of a held creature if it is above ogre size (weight about 600 pounds). Those of 21+ strength or over 1 ton in weight are not held by grasses at all.

* * *

I am sure that most Dungeon Masters have found one or more spells that are abused by players in some way. It must be understood that the general intent of the spell and its level are what must be maintained by the DM. This does not mean that creativity should be stifled, but enterprising players can turn the intent of a spell around and make it lethal! You might be surprised what some people have tried to do with Create Water, for example! As long as the DM rules on what a player tries to do with a spell based upon the intent in the game and not the letter of the law, he or she will not get into too much trouble.

The object of the game is to be fair to players and "monsters" alike. Give both an even break in all cases. As the *Players Handbook* says, the DM has the last word and may interpret a spell as he/she sees fit. However, a DM should inform a player of his/her ruling when the spell is being learned/selected.

I have always played that Clerics (Druids) learn their prayers just as Magic-Users learn their spells. Wisdom is not used like Intelligence, however. Just because a figure knows that the spell Spiritual Hammer exists does not mean he/she can cast it! He or she must be taught the precise prayer. I believe all Clerics begin with the spell Cure Light Wounds and all Druids with Predict Weather, just as all Magic-Users have Read Magic.



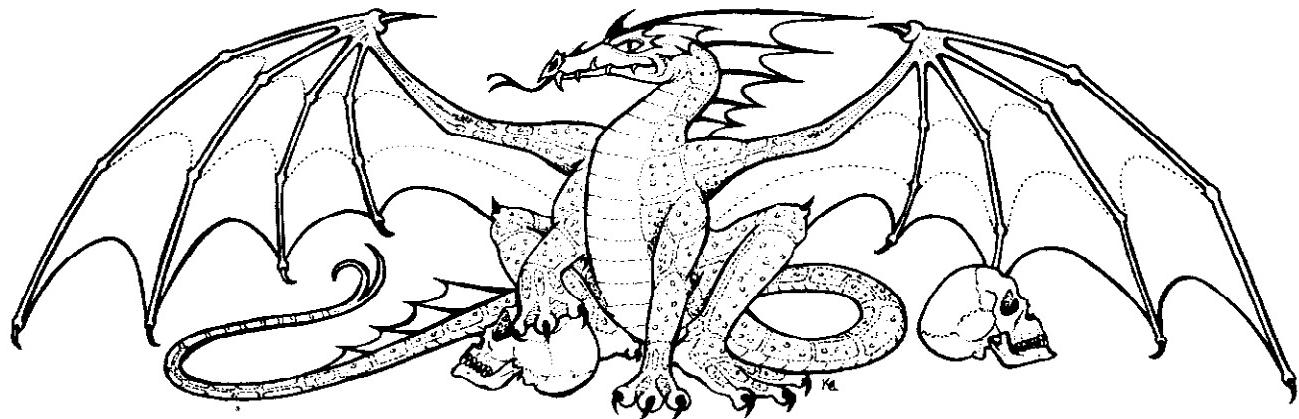
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Convention Schedule 1980

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WARCON '80 (Feb. 1-3, 1980)—The largest annual wargaming convention in the Southwest. WarCon is sponsored by the Texas A&M University gaming club, GROMETS, and will be held in the Memorial Student Center of Texas A&M University. Contact: WarCon '80, P.O. Box 5718, Texas A&M University, College Station TX 77844.

GENCON SOUTH (Feb. 15-17, 1980)—The event is scheduled to be held at the Ramada Inn in Jacksonville Beach, Fla. Contact: Gen-Con South, 5333 Santa Monica Blvd. North, Jacksonville FL 32207.

DUNDRACON 5 (Feb. 16-18, 1980)—To be held in the newly expanded Villa Hotel in San Mateo, Calif. For general information, contact DunDraCon V, 386 Alcatraz, Oakland CA 94618. For room reservations: Villa Hotel, 400 South El Camino Real, San Mateo CA 94403.

EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY CONVENTION IX (Feb. 16, 1980)—Sponsored by the Michiana Wargame Society, to be held at the Holiday Inn, 2725 Cassopolis St., Elkhart IN 46514. Pre-registration deadline Feb. 11. Contact: R. Hagerty, 525 Middlebury St. Apt 302, Elkhart IN 46514, phone (219) 293-4398.

WISCON 4 (March 7-9, 1980)—Organized by the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction (SF³), in conjunction with the University of Wisconsin Extension. Information is available from SF³, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701.

COASTCON '80 (March 14-16, 1980)—To be held in Biloxi, Miss. For information, contact Larry W. Reese, Corresponding Secretary, Coastcon, Inc., P.O. Box 6025, Biloxi MS 39532.

SPRING REVEL (March 29-30, 1980)—A TSR mini-con to be held at the American Legion Hall, 735 Henry St., Lake Geneva, WI 53147. No pre-registration, door fee \$1.00 per day. Contact: Joe Orlowski, TSR Hobbies, Inc., P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

WV U-CON II (May 2-4, 1980)—Sponsored by WVU Simulation Gaming Society, to be held at the WVU Student Union, Morgantown, WV. Pre-registration forms available in February. Contact: Bryan Bullinger, 240 McLane Ave., Morgantown WV 26505.

GENGHIS CON II (May 23-26, 1980)—Sponsored by Denver Gamers Association, to be held at Colorado Women's College, Montview Blvd. at Quebec, Denver CO. Dormitory lodging available. Contact: Genghis Con II, 2527 Gaylord, Denver CO 80205, or call Mark (303) 761-2465 or Alex (303) 798-1404.

EMPIRICON II/CON-SPIRACY (July 4-6, 1980)—A science fiction/gaming convention oriented toward fantasy role-playing games, to be held at the Prince George Hotel, 14 E. 28th St., New York NY. For more information, contact: Empiricon II/Con-Sspiracy, P.O. Box 682, Church St Station, New York NY 10008.

PHRINGECON (July 11-13, 1980)—To be held at the Adamas Hotel, Phoenix AZ; a convention "for the fringes of SF fandom." Special guests to include Stan Lee and George (Sulu) Takei. (Contact: PhringeCon, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix AZ 85001.)

GLASC V (July 11-13, 1980)—Greater Los Angeles Simulation Convention; to be held at the Airport Marina Hotel, Los Angeles, sponsored by Simulation Gamers Association, San Fernando Valley, CA. Contact: L. Daniel, 7048 Keokuk Ave., Canoga Park CA 91306.

Clerics, take note: “No Swords” means No Swords!

Lawrence Huss

Excerpts from a lecture at the Seminary of Magpidar, "On the Use of Physical Duress" by Archmadriate Bex of Geopolis.

"... so young clerics say to me, 'If we may righteously use mace or flail to remonstrate on our enemies, why then do we not use sword or arrow?'

"Why, 'tis as plain as the forbidden pikestaff! The purpose and nature of all edged weapons (and what is a point but a section of an edge?) is to cut, release blood and kill, both in reality and symbolically.

"The club, mace and flail are but growths of the staff, which stands for guidance and religious authority. Though the end result of the sword stroke and the well-aimed mace blow are the same, the symbolic intent differs. As the High Power judges our acts much from a viewpoint in which symbols supersede particulars, this symbolic difference in intent is of greatest importance, both to the performance of the specifically clerical functions and in the gaining of spiritual eminence."

In lay terms, the use of edged or pointed weapons has a different theological potency than the use of non-edged ones. Gods (as differentiated from nature deified) tend to desire blood spilled by their servants only under certain highly ritualized circumstances, such as sacrifices and oath-swearings. As a result, when a cleric uses a forbidden weapon type and hits he (she) becomes ritually polluted and loses all ability to use clerical skills and spells. Also, no experience can be gained (for clerical purposes) while in a state of ritual pollution. To be cleansed, a pure cleric of at least level x (6,7,8?) must perform a ceremony involving holy water, incense and costly material sacrifice. Of course a cleric, polluted or not, always fights on the clerical tables, no matter what the weapon used.

Notes from a lesson at the Grand Academy at Otheme, given by Magister Scholae Wilibrod.

"You young cockerels have been talking (Don't deny it; I've got Invisible Ears everywhere) about when the going is touchy grabbing up some glaive or man-splitter and hacking about like some fool Warrior! Idiots! Don't you remember the Third Lesson? More than a few ounces of copper or iron close to you and your spells get all turned about. And each time you get all worked up and swing something there is a one in twenty chance adding up you'll start forgetting your spells! And the psychic pollution takes a five-day fast! And. . . ."

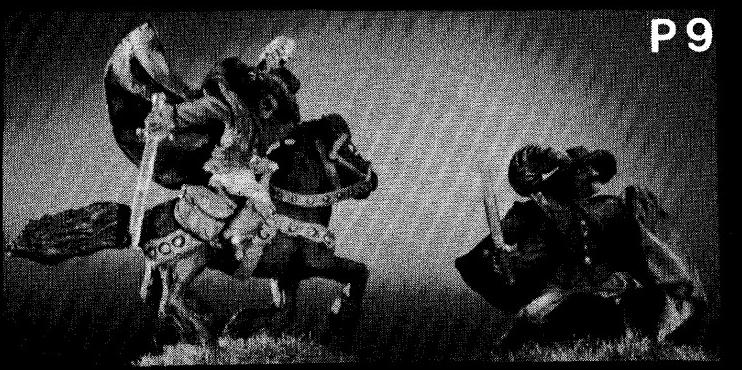
remarks are unending-Novice Grimbolt

Why can't Magic Users use arms, armor and weapons as well as spells? They can! But above a certain lower limit (eight ounces) any copper or iron alloy that is within about two inches (52 mm) of the MU has a tendency to foul up the spells that are being cast (say, point of origin detonation of fireballs). For each ounce above the minimum there should be about a 3% chance of a malfunction in the spell. This weight includes materials that are in contact with the metal within the critical limits. So a 2½ lb. sword would have a 96% negative effect if worn or used. And a 20 lb. chain shirt. . . .

If you remember that spells have to be memorized and held in the mind by an effort of will, it should be apparent that the excitement of melee might well weaken the grip of the MU's mind on the spells it holds, the most complex (and potent) ones first. This effect could be simulated by a 5% chance per melee round (cumulative per round) of forgetting a spell. After each melee round the MU is in combat, and DM rolls (5% the first time, 10% the next) to see if a spell is forgotten. Once one is gone, then you start over again with the next. When all the spells on one level are gone, start on the next lower. Determine which on each level is forgotten either randomly, or by DM's whim.

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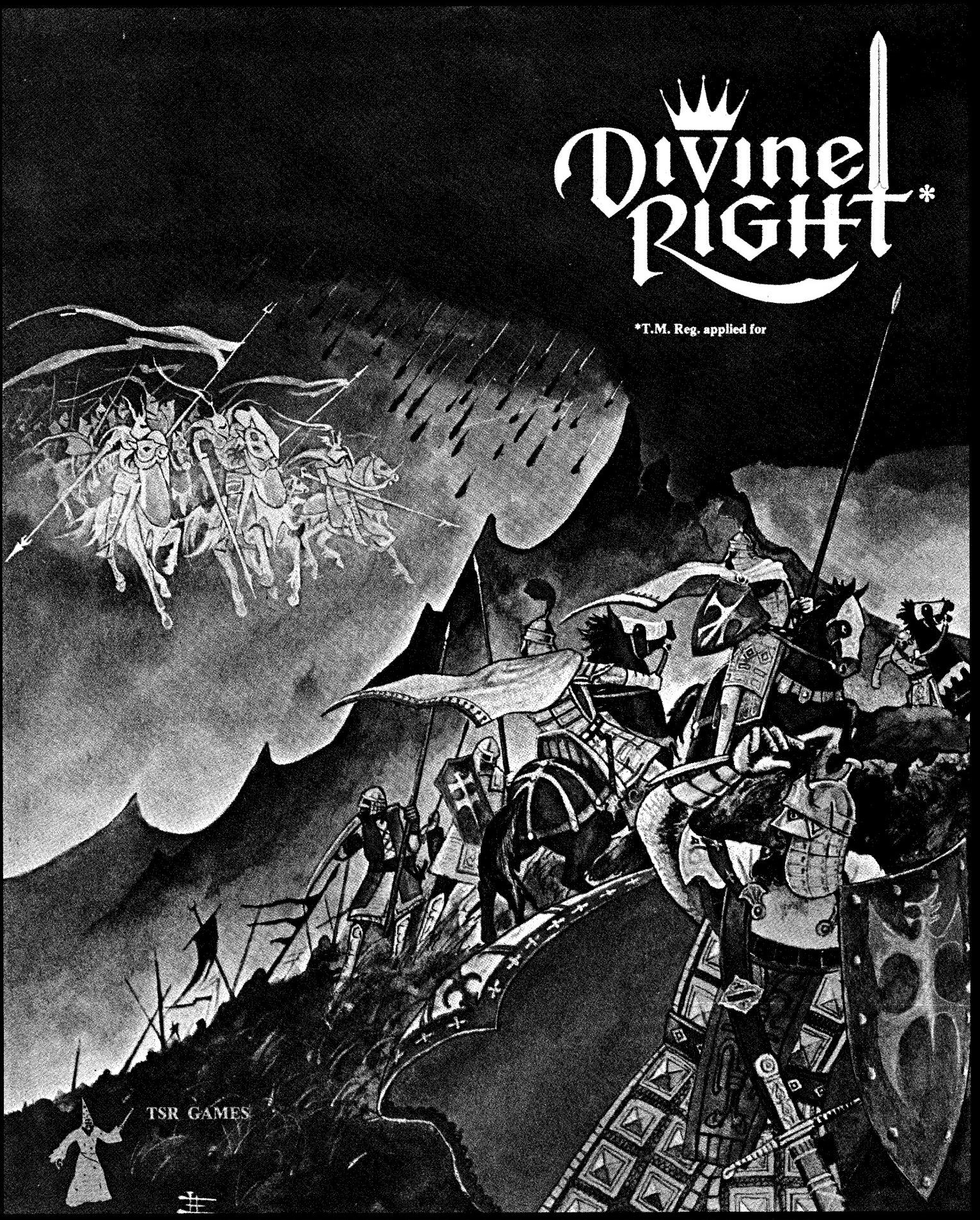
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Mapping the Dungeons II: The International DM List for 1980

If the first thousand are the hardest, then everything should be "downhill" for subsequent editions of The International DM List.

In this, the second Dungeon Master roll call published by The Dragon, there are precisely 1,008 names. The 1,000 mark wasn't reached until a very few days before the massive list had to be at the printer's—but reach it we (and you) did.

The roster is just about twice as long as it was when the original list was published in TD 22 (Feb. 1979). That contained 520 entries—the charter members, many of them pioneers who blazed the first D&D trails in their hometowns, or latched onto another aspect of gaming and began to spread the gospel about it.

There are more pioneers, from other areas, among those who sent us postcards after the first list was printed. The only four states that were not represented in the first list are in this one; there is now at least one listing for each of the 50 states, plus the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico. The list of Canadian DMs has more than doubled; the still very select overseas list is twice as large. There are six foreign countries (besides Canada) represented.

Actually, the list represents a good deal more than 1,000 people. There are 49 clubs or other gaming organizations listed, so it would not be out of line to add at least another 500 persons who are "included" by virtue of their membership in one of the clubs.

We received 462 listings from people who had not been on the first list and another 43 from charter members who responded a second time. Because of a few deletions, only 509 of the original 520 charter members are listed again. There are 970 mailing addresses listed here, with multiple-name listings adding another 38 individuals for a total of 1,008.

The popularity of gaming in the U.S. is literally a coast-to-coast, north-to-south phenomenon. There are 122 DM's listed from California, 76 from New York, 67 from Texas, 61 from Illinois and 59 from Pennsylvania. Twenty-three of the 50 states' listings have at least doubled in size from one list to the next. The largest increase was in Maryland, which had 8 listings in the first edition and now has 35. ***

There are three kinds of people on this list. Those whose names and addresses appeared in the first "Mapping the Dungeons" in TD 22 are indicated with an asterisk (*) after the name. People who sent in cards for the second list as well as the first are marked with two asterisks, and anyone who appears on the list for the first time has no mark following the name.

Judging by the relatively small number of people who mailed in cards for both lists, we assumed that charter members of the list were counting on us to automatically include them again. We also had to

assume that their addresses had not changed in the meantime. What that means is that some of the charter members might not be found at the addresses listed for them, because they've moved and didn't send in a change-of-address notification for the list. We did our best to change addresses where we knew them to be wrong (such as subscribers or other familiar names whom we know had moved, and were able to locate new addresses for), but undoubtedly didn't notice them all.

If your name or address is listed wrong or misspelled, let us know and we'll publish any corrections in three or four months. If (Heaven forbid!) you want your name deleted from future lists, tell us that too. Inform us if your address has changed and we didn't catch it, and we'll print those corrections as well. And in the future, remember "Mapping the Dungeons" and notify us of any change in your status. In future editions, we'll continue to print names and addresses as they appeared in the previous list unless we're informed otherwise.

Some other notes on the format of the list:

Clubs and other organizations were listed by the collective name only when the president's or another officer's name did not appear on the entry. In other words, we used an individual's name at the top of the mailing address whenever possible.

Some small groups of people who sent in multiple names for one address were listed by name below the mailing address. Some clubs sent in large numbers of names on one sheet of paper, with separate mailing addresses for each member. In those cases, the members are listed individually in their proper alphabetical locations.

There are people on the list for whom two addresses are given. Some of the secondary addresses are designated "summer;" in other cases, one of the two addresses is obviously at a college or university. Please use common sense when trying to correspond with these people, addressing your letter for the most likely destination depending on the time of year.

* * *

If you're sure you sent us your name and address and they don't appear on the pages that follow, there are three possible explanations:

Many people failed, despite our explicit instructions, to send in only their DM list submission—a name and address, plus game preferences. More than a few entries were taken from the bottom of a subscription order, or letter to the editor, under a "By the way . . ." heading. Those of you who did so and still made the list can consider yourselves fortunate. Some of you who did so undoubtedly had your requests lost in the shuffle after the other part of your correspondence was responded to.

We received a few cards from people who, it seems, don't quite

know where they're at. The cards bear names and cities of residence, but no street addresses or other mailing addresses in between.

If your entry had neither of the above characteristics and still isn't here, it may be logically assumed that we goofed. You have our sincere apologies in such a case, and our assurance that such an error, if one exists, was not made with malice aforethought. We'd like nothing better than to have a planet full of D&D players and be able to publish a list of a planet's worth of DMs. 'Twould hardly be in *The Dragon*'s best interest to make the hobby of gaming appear less widespread than it actually is.

We made every effort to list every game preference which was indicated on an entry, as long as we knew or could verify that the game was available to the general public, and that it was built around some aspect of fantasy, role-playing, or conflict simulation. We did not include rule systems which had been drawn up within a club, for instance, and are playable only by those people. Nor did we (as we were requested to in a couple of cases) print the name of a game designed by the sender of the card.

Still and all, there are 64 games mentioned herein. A legend for identifying them appears below. In a separate legend, there are eight game-types which were mentioned, distinguishable from the games themselves because they are printed in small letters. If no game is mentioned, the preference is assumed to be Dungeons & Dragons.

The DM list has overstepped the bounds of its intended purpose, which was (at least, in the beginning) to collate the names of Dungeon Masters—that is, persons who develop and/or oversee role playing campaigns. But already, it has become apparent that the hobby of gaming offers such a wide range of appeals that a DM can also be an accomplished wargamer, for instance, and therefore has something in common with a non-DM who might like the same sort of other games. As a result, you will find on the list such widely diverse games as Dungeons & Dragons and Stalingrad, everything from armor miniatures to LeMans, and some games in between that we had to ask other people about, to be sure they actually existed! The effort to be all-inclusive at the peril of depriving true DM's of their exclusive place in the sun, is done in the interest of helping the entire hobby of gaming continue to be fruitful, and multiply.

KEY TO GAMES

D&D = Dungeons & Dragons
AD&D = Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

AG = Arduin Grimoire

B = Bushido

B&B = Bunnies & Burrows

BH = Boot Hill

BoB = Battle of the Bulge

C = Chitin I

C&S = Chivalry & Sorcery

CI = Cross of Iron

D = Dragonlords

D! = Dungeon!

DGS = Don't Give Up The Ship

DP = Dragon Pass games

DR = Divine Right

EG = En Garde!

EPT = Empire of the Petal Throne

F = Feudal

FITS = Fight In The Skies

GW = Gamma World

I = Imperium

K = Kingmaker

L = LeMans

M = Mythrules

MM = Metagaming Microgames

M!M = Monsters! Monsters!

Me = Melee

Me/W = Melee/Wizard

MF = Medieval Fantasy

MR = Magic Realm

O=Ogre

OW = Old West Gunfight

Q = Quasar

Qs = Quest

R = Rivets

RQ = Runequest

RW = Rictotfen's War

S = Starfaring

S&S = Swords & Sorcery

SC = Sorcerer's Cave

SE = Star Empires

SGD = Stalingrad

SL = Squad Leader

SP = Star Probe

SpP = Space Patrol

SQ = Space Quest

SR = Star Rovers

ST = Star Trek

StQ = Star Quest

Str = Starship Troopers

StSp = Starships & Spacemen

SV = Space Voyagers

SW = Star War

S44 = Superhero 2044

T = Traveller

T&T = Tunnels & Trolls

TFT = The Fantasy Trip

Tr = Tractics

TV = Tradition of Victory

V&V = Villains & Vigilantes

WpW = Warp War

WR = War of the Ring

WW = War of the Wizards

4D = 4th Dimension

Game Types

acw = American Civil War

arm = miniature armor

bg = general boardgames

com = computer gaming

fm = fantasy miniatures

min = general miniatures

nm = naval miniatures

wg = general wargames

ALABAMA

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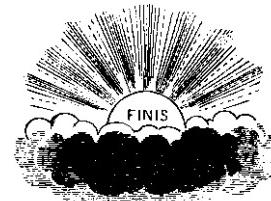
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There's still time . . .

. . . if your submission for the DM list was mailed during the third week of October or afterward; it was received too late for inclusion on this list. Names and addresses which came in after the list was sent to the typesetter will be included in the "Mapping the Dungeons" update, to be published in three months. As of this writing (Nov. 27), there are 15 such submissions in our files.

Anyone who wants to note a change of address or any other type of correction in his or her listing should be sure the information reaches The Dragon by Mar. 15, which is the deadline for material to be used in the May issue (TD 37), when we plan to publish the updates. Any additions or changes received after that date will not be printed until "Mapping the Dungeons III," scheduled for publication in January 1981.

Back Issue Prices

Effective immediately, the price for all available back issues of *The Dragon* will be 75 cents more than the cover price for the issue being ordered.

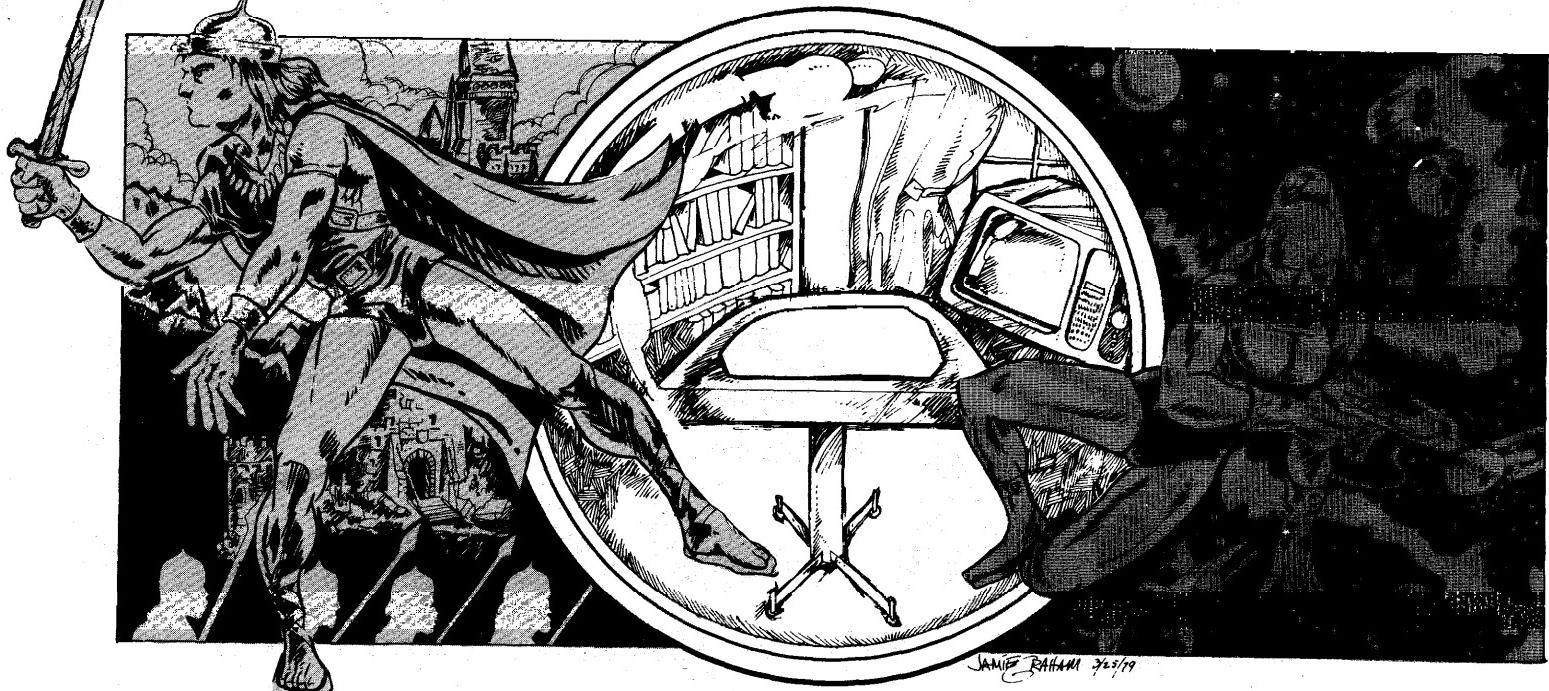
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The Eyes of Mavis Deval

(from page 7)

the city around me. And elsewhere too, I might add. Little escapes my notice. Sit yourself, my general."

His hand indicated a footstool, off to one side. Niall nodded, lowered himself onto it. His hand lifted his moneybag and put it between his warbooted feet.

"There is much gold there," he said slowly. "The gold is yours. Just answer me a few questions."

Danko Penavar smiled at him. "You bought yourself a girl today, general. You want to know who she is, where she comes from, eh?"

"Can you tell me?"

"Oh, yes. But why do you want to know? Isn't she attractive enough? If I were your age, I would be in bed with her, not talking to an old man who has more years to his life than you can imagine."

"She has mentioned a treasure in the Kareaen mountains—"

Danko Penavar started upright, so swiftly that he startled Niall, who had not thought him capable of such movement. His eyes stared hard at Niall, and a little breeze seemed to ruffle the hairs on his head, and those of his long beard.

"Kareaen," he whispered, "Kareaen!"

His big, thickly veined hand came up to stroke at his beard, and then he shook his head. "It has been long, long since I have thought of Kareaen. So! There is a treasure there, is there?"

He was silent, his thoughts turned inward, as though he were tracing out the long years of his life and what he had learned in all that time. He shifted slowly and lay back against the cushions, shaking his head.

"It is not good, that treasure, Niall. Be advised. Forget about it."

Niall grinned. "But there is a treasure?"

"Oh, yes. But it is cursed. Sisstorississ himself lays claim to it, and Sisstorississ is a jealous god."

Niall nodded gloomily, remembering. He himself had fought Sisstorississ*, back there in the ruins of the Kor Magnon, on his way to Urgrik. How long ago had it been? Ten months? A year? Yes, all of that. There had been the girl Kathyla, who was also Iphygia the enchantress, whom he had rescued from the reptile in the pit, and who had later turned on him—after he had fought Sisstorississ himself—and tried to deliver him up to the snake-god.

Emalkartha had helped to rescue him, since she hated Iphygia.

He spoke of Sisstorississ and of Iphygia, but not of Emalkartha. The old magician listened, chin on hands, eyes half-closed. When Niall was done, Danko Penavar nodded.

"Yes. It makes a good tale, one to stir the blood. But you made a terrible enemy, Niall. Sisstorississ is not a demon-god whom it is safe to defeat. Hate will live in his soul—if he has one—and that hate will stir within him an appetite for vengeance. Be warned. Stay far away from the mountains of Kareaen. Far away."

Niall of the Far Travels was not a man to turn his back on danger, especially when there might be a profit to be made. Often enough he had fought for nothing more than an ideal or a whim. He moved his shoulders, and his left hand went to the hilt of his great sword.

"If there is gold there, and jewels . . ."

Danko Penavar shook his head. "There is also that which is worse than death! If Sisstorississ should discover that you are after his treasure, he will move all the Hells there are to come at you!"

Niall moved his foot, toeing the heavy purse forward across the floor. "Read the future for me, mage. Tell me what waits for me in the Kareaen mountains."

The old man shifted his weight, as though uncomfortable. His veined hands toyed with his robe, rearranging it over his knees. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but closed his lips. Wearily, he shook his head.

"I shall read the future for you if you ask, Niall. But—I want no gold for it. This is not a task I relish. There is doubt in me, and worry . . ."

Softly, Niall asked, "Is it then so dangerous?"

"To you—yes. Perhaps to me as well." Danko Penavar sighed and lurched to his feet. "However, I admit to a curiosity in me. I will

summon up some imps and have speech with them. Come you with me."

Niall walked slightly behind the old man as he moved toward the rear of the big room, where there was now only darkness and a hint of golden objects off which candlelight and fireflames reflected. He stood and watched as Danko Penavar went toward a prie-dieu and opened a massive volume, thickly bound in leather.

"Come you and stand beside me, Niall, safely within the pentagram."

As he stepped forward, Niall could make out the markings of a pentagram, inlaid in ivory in an ebony floor. He watched as the mage extended his finger and candles overhead burst into flame. He had not seen those candles in their holders hanging by a chain from the ceiling. He wondered at the powers of this man who could cause fire by the mere act of stretching out a finger.

"Be quiet now. Do nothing more than breathe, and if you value the life you have, stir not a muscle. Stay always within the pentagram."

Niall waited, breathing softly. He saw the magician bend above the tome he had opened, watched as he scrutinized the words limned there in human blood. Slowly, Danko Penavar began to read, sonorously and with music in his voice.

The air around them grew warm, then hot. Overhead, the candles seemed almost to bend as though weary of their own weight. Here and there tiny flames sprang up in the outer darkness. Those flames grew and spread. The heat became almost intolerable. Sweat ran down Niall's cheeks.

Slowly . . . slowly . . . something began to take shape.

It was the figure of a demon. He could not see it all, not yet, but he could guess at its contours and he felt like retching. The flames blazed higher, the figure grew even clearer.

There were fangs jutting from the great, misshapen mouth. Thick skin hung in ugly folds over vast muscles. The thing was bald, its head was grotesque, and its three hands played nervously, as though the thing wanted to reach out and rend them both.

"I come, sorcerer, to your call," the being croaked thickly, as though its lips and tongue could scarcely mould themselves to fashion human speech. "What is your wish?"

"It has been long since I summoned you, Vokkoth. Not for many years. I seek to know about the mountains of Kareaen, and what awaits a man named Niall."

The demon lurched forward a shuffling step, but drew back when its toe—or what served it for toes—came close to the edges of the pentagram. Hellfires blazed in its eyes.

"Niall! Ha! I have heard of him, even in the Hells where I dwell. Sisstorississ seeks for him, everywhere. He asks for help. Imagine! The great Sisstorississ has even asked me to lend my powers to his quest."

"And what is that quest?"

"He would do anything to get this Niall in his power. Anything! Already he has hunted in the many Hells there are for some hint, some way of drawing Niall to him, that he may get control over his body."

The misshapen head shook so much that the loosely fleshed jowls swung ponderously. "Be warned, Danko Penavar. Have nothing more to do with this man."

The old magician sighed. "Tell me, Vokkoth, out of old friendship. What waits for Niall in the Kareaen hills?"

"No one knows. No one can know. It is hidden. Hidden so deeply that I fear Sisstorississ has flung a veil across that portion of the future."

Niall sighed. If things were as dangerous as that, if Sisstorississ were waiting for him to get control of him, he would forget about all the gold and jewels that were reputedly hidden in those mountains.

"I've heard enough," he told the mage.

Danko Penavar nodded his white head. "Indeed, I think you have," he murmured in a soft voice. More loudly, he called to the demon swaying before him, "Go now, Vokkoth, back into your worlds. I shall trouble you no more."

In an instant, the heat was gone, the demon with it. Overhead, the candles blazed more brightly, though their shapes were oddly distorted. The magician heaved a deep sigh, put a hand to the tome and closed it.

"It is done. Now you know," he said heavily.

Niall chuckled. "I know, old man. And you have all my thanks. I am

glad I came to speak with you this night."

"I'm not so sure I am," the magician mumbled, leading the way toward his vast chair. He sank down into it, regarded the man standing before him. "Forget the gold, Niall. Nothing is worth risking the vengeance Sisstorississ has in mind for you."

"I agree with you. I'll tell the girl I've made up my mind. I stay in Urgrik, where—hopefully—Sisstorississ cannot touch me."

Danko Penavar smiled. "It would be best."

It was colder, once Niall stepped outside the great doorway which closed by itself behind him. For a moment he stood sniffing the salt and wind blowing off the river, carrying with it the iciness of the high peaks of the Kalbarthian mountain range to the east. Then he drew his cloak more tightly about him and began to walk.

He was grateful that he had come this night to the old mage, and glad that he had left his money pouch on the floor, so that Danko Penavar should find it and have the spending of the gold coins in it. The old man had done him a great favor.

He walked more briskly. It was quiet in these late hours. There were no walkers abroad, nothing seemed to stir within the city. Here and there in a house window, candles burned, but for the most part, the moon above gave the only illumination to these streets.

Niall came into the citadel and made his way up a wide staircase to the upper floors. He turned into his bedchamber and halted.

The girl lay sleeping on his bed, the fur coverings half off her body. She was beautiful as she lay there, the moonlight making her ebony hair even darker and silvering her soft skin. She seemed more innocent, too; there was none of the wantoness in her now that her earlier actions with him had hinted.

Niall took a few steps forward, bending to lift the fur cover and draw it more fully over her. As he did so, she stirred and turned on her back.

Her eyes were closed, yet Niall would have sworn that those eyelids were transparent. Almost he could see her green eyes—and in them the lambent flames that he had noticed earlier. The flames blazed upward, filling those eyes until they were a mass of flames.

And the flames began to whisper to him . . .

3.

Niall woke to the warmth of the body snuggled so closely against his own. His arm was about her, her own arm was thrown over his chest. He smelled the perfume of her hair, knew the softness of her flesh.

There was something he sought to remember—and could not. There was danger; some remote corner of his mind whispered this to him, but it fled away as the girl stirred and, lifting her head, looked down at him.

"We ride today, Niall of the Far Travels," she murmured.

"To the hills of Kareen," he nodded.

What was it, hidden deep within him? A warning of deadly danger, a hint of abominations to come? Niall tried to run down that furtive memory, but could not. He sighed and his arm tightened about Mavis Deval, holding her close.

She bent and kissed him, and her mouth was as soft as warm, moist velvet. It stirred fires in his big body, that kiss, making him realize that he was going on a long journey with this witchwoman, that he would have her with him under the stars at night, beside glowing fires, and riding beside him day after day.

His big hand clapped her on the rump as he laughed. "Better stir ourselves, then. There will be matters to attend to, food to be put into bags, horses to be made ready."

She laughed and ran from the bed to don the garments he had provided for her. Niall watched her, wondering at himself. He ought to be more eager for this holiday, be anxious to get out on the road with the wind whispering past him, his eyes on the girl, and golden coins waiting for him to discover them.

Yet there was almost a reluctance in him. It was as if he had been warned about going to the Kareen hills, told that there was only deadly peril awaiting him.

Bah! He was a fighting man. He did not fear danger.

He clad himself in his fur kaunake and mail shirt, girded on his great sword. He had fought across his world, he had faced the Swordsmen of Chandion and battled the Dark Guards of Korapolis. No need to fear anything in the hills of Kareen!



They left Urgrik a little before high noon, mounted on two big stallions, and a third behind them carrying such goods as they might need. Mavis Deval was filled with excitement and laughter. She shifted in her saddle to stare back at the towers and rooftops of the city, then faced forward to run her eyes over the lowlying hills in the distance, and the great grasslands that spread out on all sides.

They rode for hours in the hot sunlight, pausing only at a stream of cold water where they got down and lay on their bellies to drink beside the horses. They chatted as they lay on their backs, staring up at the sky, relieved to be out of the saddle for a time.

"What will you do with your share of the treasure, always providing we find it?" Niall asked.

"The gold is yours, all yours. I shall stay with you, and help you spend it."

Niall thought about that for a time. It might be fun, having this girl with him. And yet—

Emalkartha was a jealous goddess. It was Emalkartha, in her earthly guise of Lylthia, whom he loved. Uneasiness ate in his middle. Emalkartha was nobody to fool around with. She had awesome powers, and she regarded Niall of the Far Travels as her property, as her earthly lover.

She had been strangely silent. Usually when he found a pretty girl, Emalkartha was there inside him, scolding him. When she felt that he had been tempted enough, she would appear to him as Lylthia, and they would make love for weeks at a time, before she had to go back to the Eleven Hells she ruled.

It was not like the goddess to let him run off this way with a pretty woman. Niall felt very uneasy about the whole thing. Still, there was that treasure to be found. If it were anything like what he suspected, and he could lay hands on it, he would be one of the richest men in all Urgrik.

It was a nice thought.

They rode on, day after day, deeper into the grasslands until the lowlying hills were before them, and then at their backs. They came now, into wilder country, where tumbled rocks lifted upward and deep chasms made furrows in the earth.

At long last, they could make out the hills of Kareen, far away in the blue distance. They were old, those hills, and rounded with age, and their slopes bore sparse vegetation. Somewhere in among them was the golden hoard.

Now Niall began questioning Mavis Deval more closely. "Are you sure you can find where it is hidden? If all you heard were a few words spoken by travellers"

She turned her eyes upon him, laughing softly. "Do you think I would have brought you so far if I could not?"

Niall grunted. He could discover no other reason, search his mind as he would, why the girl would want to take such a long trip with him unless she knew—by what manner he knew not—just where the treasure was to be found.

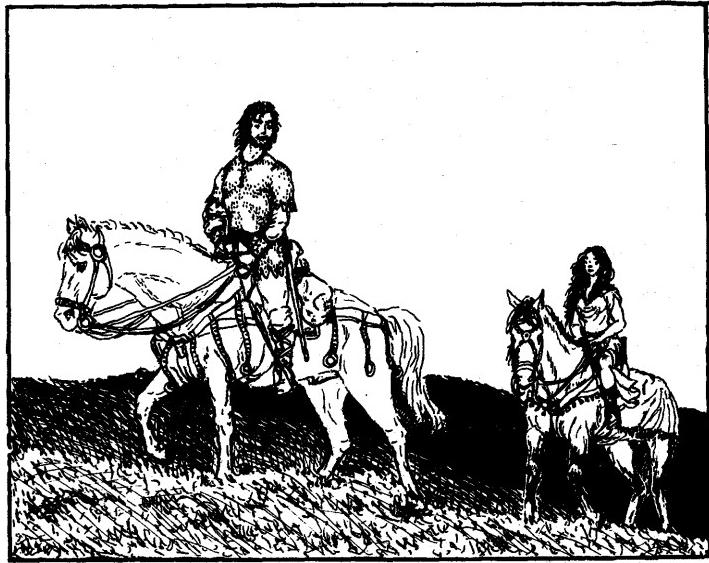
"The hills of Kareen are long and wide," he muttered. "They are very ancient. There are tales that there was a kingdom there, long ago, and a band of men who hunted down other men, and women, to make them slaves. It was very long ago, I realize, but—"

"The city was called Granolure," the girl murmured, staring straight ahead. "It was one of the richest cities of the world, in its time. The people who lived there were robber barons, preying on the surrounding territories. Until a coalition of neighboring cities was formed and sent a vast army against it, it thrived. The people there worshipped a god—"

She broke off suddenly, starting as though she had said too much. Mavis Deval turned her head and looked at him, but Niall rode with his gaze on the rocky terrain before them.

She smiled with a subtle curving of her lips.

Niall stood upward in the stirrups. He had paid little or no attention to the girl's last few words; he was certain he had seen movement off there to the west, along the edge of the Kareen hills. Movement meant people—or wild animals. From what he had seen, there was more than one—thing—out there.



"Saw you anything just then?" he asked.

She stared at him in surprise. "Something living, you mean? But there is no life in those hills. They are dead, forgotten alike by animals and mankind."

"I saw something. I was not mistaken."

It was the girl's turn to stand in the stirrups and to put her gaze out there where the hills seemed purple, where sunlight glinted on barren rocks and loose shale. Mavis Deval shook her head until her thick black hair swirled.

"There is nothing. All you saw was a shadow." She added musingly, "There can be no life in those hills. All is dead there, and long since forgotten."

Niall shrugged. He knew what he had seen, and he loosed his blade in its scabbard. Just as well to be prepared. Others might have heard of the treasure and come looking for it.

As they moved onward, he used his eyes. From hilltop to hilltop and in between, in the low valleys, he ran his gaze. There was no more movement, none at all. Still! It paid a man always to be on his guard.

It was sunset when they came to the foothills, and stood a moment to blow their horses. It was cool here, and the night would be cold.

"We'll make camp," Niall said.

"We could go on. It isn't far now."

Niall shrugged. "There's no hurry."

Mavis Deval would have protested, but his face was grimly set, so she shrugged and stepped down from the saddle. It had become her task to prepare their food every morning and evening, and she set about it with practiced dexterity.

Out of the corners of her eyes, she watched Niall. He was restless, moving back and forth, scanning the hillsides, the empty land around them. It was as if he feared that men would rise upward from the very ground and rush to attack them.

She saw him sniff the air, and called, "Now what will you be smelling?"

"Human sweat," he growled. "Men have been here, men who have gone long without bathing." When she scoffed at him, he swung about to look at her. "Girl, I know of what I speak. I've fought too much not to know that stink when it comes to me."

She got to her feet in excitement. "But it cannot be! No one ever comes here!"

"How would you be knowing that? Or did those men you overhead at the caravan also tell you that?"

She shook her head and knelt again to lift the steaming meat from the fireflames. On a board she placed it and began slicing it into thick slabs. She gestured at it, looking at Niall.

"Come eat. There is hot bread, too, almost finished baking."

Niall found that there was an avid hunger in him. His strong teeth tore and chewed at the charred meat, and it seemed that he had never enjoyed anything as tasty. There was red wine from Calmanar in the skins, and of this he drank deeply.

When he was done eating, he looked away from the fire into the darkness. There was something—alive—out there, and something—evil. He had no way of knowing what it was, but he had fought too often not to be able to sense foemen, even in the dark.

"Go to sleep," he told the girl. "I'm restless, I want to walk a little."

She shrugged and lay down close to the flames, drawing a cloak about her. Her eyes rested on Niall's brawny figure as he loomed huge beside the fire. He was a handsome man, she thought as her eyelids closed for sleep. It was too bad, in a way, that he was doomed

Niall strode away from the girl, walking easily in his furred warboots. He did not look at the fire any more; instead, his eyes were directed outward toward the hills. There was a moon, and by its light he could see a good distance.

He would sit there, with his back against a rock, and stare out into that moonswept land. If anything moved, he would see it in time to defend himself and the girl. His sword lay across his thighs, its blade naked, his hand wrapped about its pommel.

You do well to be on guard, Niall!

The Wanderer started. Had that been Emalkartha, speaking inside him as she was wont to do? He had dozed a little, sitting here—it had been a long, hard ride all that day—but he felt certain that he had not dreamed those words.

Na, na. You did not dream.

"Where have you been?" he whispered, almost to himself. "You warned me about the girl and then you stayed away."

I have been searching, witless one. Searching in the demon worlds for word of—Sistorississ.

Niall growled low in his throat.

So you remember Sisstorississ, do you? And how you drove him back to where he belongs, that time in Kor Magnon?

"I remember."

Do you imagine that evil one has forgotten you? Ah, no. He hates you with a fury that will not be satisfied by your death. No, no!

Emalkartha went on whispering inside him, telling him of the raw fury that consumed Sisstorississ when he thought of Niall of the Far Travels. She spoke of his vengeance, long plotted and now about to come to pass.

He shuddered, listening to what the evil one planned to do to him—for all eternity. The sweat came out on his skin and a tremor ran through his huge body. It was always bad to offend the gods, and most especially one like Sisstorississ.

However, there is hope. You may die before Sisstorississ gets his claws in you, unless you use your eyes!

Something in that voice brought Niall to sharp wakefulness. His hand tightened on Blood-drinker. He stared out into the darkness and it seemed that he could make out shapes that ran, hunched over, and the glint of moonlight on drawn weapons.

Niall grinned. "My thanks, goddess," he whispered.

Men with weapons he could understand. He had faced up to swords since he was big enough to lift and swing one, it seemed. Back there in Northumbria, where he had been born, men lived and died by the sword. He had been one who had lived, who had waxed stronger and greater every day, until his skill with a blade was almost proverbial.

He lay down and crawled on his belly over the ground. Those men were close now, very close. In another few moments, they would be at the fire, and at Mavis Deval. Niall grinned and shifted his weight, drawing up a leg under him.

They loomed up, their weapons at the ready.



"Haaaaah!"

The screech came upward out of Niall's guts. It was a blend of delight and fury, a warning and a paean of joy because he had an enemy to face. He erupted from the ground and came at them like a maddened beast.

Blood-drinker caught the reflection of the fire on its blade an instant before the steel was buried in human flesh. It came out, dripping blood, and swung again at a second man.

A head rolled past the fire, as that which had been a man collapsed to one side.

Niall, stood with widespread legs, his blade humming as he swung it, and a tiny smile played about his lips.

"So then! You came to rob, did you? Well, I am here. Rob me—if you can!"

The remaining men flung themselves at him, but Niall had learned his trade of swordsman long ago, and had practised it forever since. His muscles were as iron, tireless. He battered down the blades that faced him and drove his own steel in a web of death at the men before him.

One by one, he slew them.

The last man died with a scream gurgling in his throat, as Niall drove Blood-drinker through his belly. He fell and lay twitching, bloody hands clawing at his ripped entrails, body convulsing.

Niall stood over him, staring down.

Were these men only cutpurse, landless robbers who preyed on whatever moved this far away from any city? Or were they demons gathered by some evil god such as Sisstorississ to slay him?

No, no. What was it Emalkartha had said? Sisstorississ wanted an eternal vengeance on him. He would not, therefore, send mere men to kill him. No, he would have planned something else, some way of luring him into his clutches so that he could snatch him into the hells where he was the supreme ruler.

The sound of a sob swung him about to stare at Mavis Deval.

The girl was standing beside the fire, her robe having fallen from her. A hand was lifted to her mouth and her eyes were enormous with terror.

"Are you—all right?" she whispered.

Niall grinned. "It takes more than such as these to bring down Niall of the Far Travels. They were after our gold. And you too, I should guess. In this wilderness a man doesn't often see a woman, especially such a beautiful one as you."

Emalkartha stirred inside Niall. He could feel the heat of her anger, the coldness of her jealousy.

Mavis Deval nodded slowly. "Yes, you saved me. I am grateful. Those men are vermin. They would have . . ."

She shuddered and turned away, staring into the fire. It seemed as though she would speak again, but she did not, only lifting her eyes and looking at him, and for an instant, Niall thought to read pity in her stare.

4.

Next day they were into the hills, riding upward over rocky terrain, picking their way with the girl in the lead. Niall watched her as she rode unerringly—as though she had committed this trackless wilderness to memory—with glancing to left or right, but only moving straight ahead.

When they had come to a rock outcropping, she reined in and turned to him. Her arm lifted, finger pointing.

"Over yonder, where there is only scorched earth and tumbled rocks, is the entrance to what was once a great stronghold," she told him.

Niall could see nothing that suggested any entryway, and said so. Mavis Deval shook her head.

"There is nothing to see; the door that is there is blocked by stones. But it is there, believe me."

The Wanderer shrugged, toed his mount off to one side, to descend a slope which would bring him to the heaps of scattered rocks. When he came there, he swung down and, putting big fists on his hips, eyed the boulders.

"I'll need an army to move those things," he growled.

The girl came up to him, touching his arm. "You can do it. Only try."

He laughed and moved forward, putting his big hands to a huge rock. It was impossible to move that boulder, his common sense told him, yet he felt it shift as he applied his strength, and then as he put his full weight behind it, the rock tumbled to one side.

To Niall, it smacked of magic.

Still, the biggest rock was out of the way, and the smaller ones ought to give way even more easily. He bent and pushed, and one by one, the stones slid where he shoved them.

He could see a massive door, of oak and iron bands, half hidden beneath a bit of stone that hung above it. There was a great lock, rusted now, that once would have defied any effort to open it.

Niall picked up a rock, lifted it high, and smashed it down against the lock. He heard metal snap and wood creak. He took a few steps forward, put his hands to the door and heaved. The oaken beams of the door protested with muffled cracklings, but the door swung inward upon blackness.

The girl was at his side. "There! You see? It was not so hard, was it?"

"It was too easy," he growled.

Aye! Too easy. It seemed almost as though unearthly powers had been used to let him clear the way into this crypt. Well, this was what he had come for. There remained only to enter, to see what it was he had come so far to find.

He took a step forward, and then another. Sunlight shone into the crypt through the open doorway, and Niall could make out, as he stood on the threshold, that this was a vast room, seemingly filled with chests piled one upon another, with smaller caskets here and there. Where one such casket had fallen and opened, he could make out the gleam of fabulous jewels.

The air was stale in here, but if he waited, it would clear. Far in the background there was blackness, yet he thought he could see something like a walled-up archway, filled with bricks and cement. He would

need a torch to examine it, and the contents of all those chests and coffers.

"Enter," said the girl at his elbow. "Go in and feast your eyes on all those riches which are now yours."

Niall struck sparks from flint and iron, lifted the end of a dried bit of wood that he found off to one side. With the torch in hand, he moved into the crypt. Mavis Deval came at his heels.

He moved toward a chest, threw back its lid and gasped. The thing was filled with golden bars, glittering in the torchlight. His eyes lifted to stare at the other chests. If all were like this one, he would be the richest man in all his world. The breath caught in his throat, and his heart began to hammer.

"Did I not speak the truth?" the girl whispered at his side. "All this gold, all the jewels in here are yours."

Niall shook his head. There was something wrong here. He did not know what it was, he could put no name to it, yet the tenseness inside him, the tautness of his nerves and the worry in his mind could not be disregarded.

"Why?" he asked softly. "Why have you given all this to me?"

He whirled and caught her by an arm, bringing her up closer to him. His blue eyes blazed down at her. "You could have claimed all this yourself! Yet you give it to me. Why?"

"You rescued me from slavery."

"Na, na. There is something else. But what?"

She rubbed her arm where he had clutched her, pouting a little. "How could I, a mere girl without money or anyone to befriend me, have come here? Those men last night would have raped me, probably killed me."

All she said made sense, but Niall was not so sure. There was something lurking behind her eyes, some secret which he could not fathom. Those eyes that stared up at him so worshipfully hid her thoughts. Ah! He recalled now how he had seen flames in those eyes, too.

She turned away and moved toward the oaken door, still rubbing her arm. When she came to the door where it hung on its bronze hinges, he caught hold of it and slammed it shut.

For an instant, the only light in the crypt was from the torch Niall held. And then—slowly—faint reddish light began to gleam everywhere inside the vault. Mavis Deval stood proudly, head high, her eyes glinting boldly, and the fireflames were alive in them.

Niall swore, "By Emalkartha! There is something wrong about all this—"

He reeled. His head seemed to explode for an instant, then come back to normal. Dazed, he stared around him. He remembered, now: remembered his visit to old Danko Penavar, and his warning.

He laughed harshly. He had been mesmerized by those eyes, when he had returned from seeing the mage. Hypnotized, and made to come here—to fall into the clutches of Sisstorississ!

Niall tried to leap forward, to spring at the girl, but his muscles were locked tight. He could not stir so much as a finger. And the reddish light blazed more brightly, triumphantly.

Behind him he heard something surge against the bricks of the far wall. Those bricks fell and shattered and now he could feel heat on his back, fantastic heat that was unendurable.

"You belong to me, Niall of the Far Travels," came a booming voice. "Turn now, and see your master for all eternity!"

He swung about.

Sisstorississ was there, just as he had remembered him in the temple at Kor Magnon. There were the red eyes, glittering with hate and an all-consuming fury! There also was the herpetologic head, covered with scales, the twin horns rising upward from the brow and the flickering tongue that was twice the size of a man.

When he had beheld Sisstorississ that other time, Emalkartha had been inside him, to shield him with her powers. Ah, where was she now? Without her to aid him, he was doomed forever!

Those great jaws lunged forward, parting.

That huge red tongue wrapped itself about him, lifted him upward as those jaws closed about his body. Niall could not speak, nor cry out.

He was drawn swiftly toward the bricked-up doorway which now was gaping open. Downward he was drawn . . . ever downward. . . . into a redness and a heat that was intolerable . . .

5.

He lay on a flat surface that was like the red-hot top of an iron stove. His first impulse was to leap up, crying out in agony, but the pain seemed to subside even as he felt it, and though the stink of his scorched flesh was still in his nostrils, he felt no other discomfort.

Niall opened his eyes. He lay on the steaming floor of a huge chamber walled with flames. Everywhere he stared, there were fires, leaping, dancing upward. Sweat rolled down off his flesh, but he found he could move, and so he stood, his right hand moving toward his sword and lifting it out of the scabbard.

He shook his head.

He was nowhere on earth. He was in a demoniac hell, a hell ruled by Sisstorississ. Niall groaned. Aye, he was in the clutches of that evil godling. He would be put to the torment, then rested, then tortured again, for as long as there was Time.

Strange. He felt no especial discomfort, though he knew that steam rose upward from the floor where he was standing. Now, how could that be?

His eyes lifted to the flames, and Niall started. Were his eyes playing tricks on him? For he could see, as though partially hidden by those flames, other eyes that stared down at him almost, it seemed, in sympathy.

Then—the eyes were gone.

He heard slithering across the tiles of the steaming floor, and whirled. Sisstorississ was there—gigantic, looming high above him, triumph shining in those red eyes. Suddenly, along with the triumph, there was—doubt. Even—worry.

The snake-god hissed, "You belong to me now, Niall! Mine you are, to torture and agonize for all Time."

Niall held his sword up. "Come then. Take me if you would torture me."



The scaled body writhed undulating forward. "Take you? I have already done that. Yet you still defy me? Good. I like that. It will make your breaking that much more pleasant. Behold."

He was in a great cauldron of bubbling metal. The bubbles of iridescent bronze broke with a popping sound, steam rose upward all

around him. By rights, he should be screaming in agony, writhing and twisting as that molten metal ate away his flesh and bones.

Yet he felt no pain. It was as if he were in thick, viscid water. He began to swim laboriously to the rim of the cauldron, then gripped its edge and hauled himself upward onto that rim.

Something protected him. Niall knew that much. No man—without the help of magical forces—could have lived through that bath of liquid-hot metal.

Ah! So you realize that, do you?

His relief was so great he almost fell back into the stuff that bubbled beneath him.

"Emalkartha! I thought you'd deserted me."

Soft laughter was his answer.

You are my proof, beloved. The gods would not believe that Sisstorississ had disobeyed their injunction. I had to let the snake-god take you and bring you here for torment.

Niall growled in his throat. "Am I a plaything of the gods? It's a wonder I didn't die of shock when Sisstorississ caught hold of me and dragged me here."

I protected you from pain. My protection is still around you. The snake-god must be punished. We can only do that through you.

Niall shrugged. There was no point in arguing. Better to fall in with Emalkartha's plans. "What do you want me to do?"

Only be yourself.

The voice faded and he was left sitting alone on the cauldron's rim. How long he sat there he was never to know, but suddenly he was standing on the steaming metal floor of the chamber where he had been lying when he recovered consciousness.

He sat up to find Sisstorississ staring at him with his malignant red eyes. There was fear and rage in the snake-god's voice when he spoke.

"What's this? You are unharmed! How can that be?"

Niall sprang to his feet and rushed upon the demon-god, Blood-drinker held high to swing. He drove its edge at the head of Sisstorississ and saw the being dart backward, slithering along the hot, metallic floor.

There was panic in the crimson eyes of the demon-god, raw fear and awful horror in them. It was as if it saw its doom staring at it.

"What gives you this power?" it hissed.

Again Niall slashed, driving it backward. He had no way of answering the demon. By rights, he should be dead by now, or reduced to a quivering mass of melted flesh and bones. Yet he had all his strength. Indeed, he felt invigorated, filled with muscular power.

He knew he had enjoyed the help of something beyond the human.

Ah! So you know that, do you?

Niall slid to a halt, grinning. "It was you, Emalkartha!" he said almost to himself.

Of course. You have served me well, Niall. But follow Sisstorississ, follow him no matter where he goes!

He leaped forward even as the demon-god slithered backward into a great opening in the flame-wall. As Sisstorississ went even further backward into that recess, Niall sprang. Deftly avoiding that snapping jaw, those rows of razor-sharp teeth, his hand caught a horn projecting from its scaly forehead and he swung himself up onto the thin, sinuous neck.

Instantly, Sisstorississ seemed to go into convulsions. It whipped its titanic body about, writhing its neck and flinging its great head back and forth, seeking to dislodge this human who clung so tenaciously to him.

When Niall clung to him, driving his sword's edge down upon its head, the demon-god retreated even further. Backward it slid, down a dizzying slope, and then plunged deep into a sea of molten metal.

Niall closed his eyes and drew a deep breath. Next moment he was beneath the surface of that molten metal sea, clinging to that horn, riding this nightmare moment with his legs locked about a scaled neck.

Where was Emalkartha? Why did she not help him?

I am here, Niall my darling—waiting!

If she didn't help him soon, he was going to topple off, be helpless in this thick quagmire of smoking, seething metal. He would be fair prey for those jaws, then!

Down went Sisstorississ, downward, ever downward. It was as though it sought to find the bottom of this sea, where it might find a purchase for its clawed legs. Ah, then it would turn and rend this mere

human, this servitor of the gods who were aligned against mighty Sisstorississ!

Niall was blind and helpless. He dared not open his eyes, he was fearful lest the molten magma blind him. Yet he could breathe, his body did not feel the awesome heat of the molten metal. He still retained his strength.

"Emalkartha," he shrieked in his mind. "Aid me!"

Not yet, my dear one. Not yet—but soon.

Sisstorississ found the bottom. Its claws dug in, its neck whipped about. Despite the hold he had with his hand on that horn and his legs about the neck, Niall felt as though he were about to be flung off.

Aye! Flung off—then to be snapped at by those terrible jaws—swallowed alive! Could anything save him, then?

His legs loosed their hold, sliding. His hand was wrenched from that sharp horn. Beneath him, Sisstorississ was flinging itself about like a mad thing, emitting great bellows that sounded dulled and muted through the molten magma.

Now, you other gods! Strike—now!

The voice in his mind was like a clarion call—sharp, bugling—imperious and commanding.

Something bright and golden sped downward through the seething metal. It was joined by other golden lightnings—until they formed a shower of aureate energy striking at Sisstorississ, hitting it.

Niall could hear the violence of those blows thudding into the vast body to which he still managed to cling. Through his flesh he could feel the shuddering of the demon-god as those darts of yellow light struck against its scaled hide.

Sisstorississ bellowed in agony.

It forgot the man still hanging onto him. Upward it surged, seeking any avenue of escape it could find. And ever those golden lightnings played about its scaled body.

Those yellow forking weakened it. Niall could feel some of the titanic strength of the body seep from it as he clung. From somewhere inside Sisstorississ there came a prolonged wail of despair, almost of resignation to what was about to happen to it.

To a rocky edge of this metal sea came the demon. It reached to that stone and clambered out upon it and lay there, its sides heaving. It did not seek any longer to dislodge Niall but crouched downward as though waiting for some final blow.

Now Niall could make out, high above and scattered about in this rocky cavern, tiny globes of white light that grew and grew until within them he could make out faces. They were cold and implacable, those faces—the faces of the gods, of the potent lords of the realms beyond the world Niall knew.

Awed, he stared upward at them, knowing a vast inferiority, a mighty humility. The eyes regarded Sisstorississ, and in their stare their was no pity.

You have sinned, demon. You have risen up against our will!

A soft voice that sounded feminine whispered, *Now you must pay the price for your disobedience!*

Niall saw the face of the womanly creature who had spoken. Her glowing purple eyes were turned away from Sisstorississ to look down at Niall.

So this is the human who has served us. He has done well. Emalkartha was right in her judgment of him. He must be rewarded.

And so he shall be, sister!

That was Emalkartha, laughing deep inside him.

The womanly being who stared down at him from so high above nodded slowly, a tiny smile playing at the comers of her mouth.

Good. I approve of it, Emalkartha. See to it, please.

Niall slid down off the great bulk of Sisstorississ, at a whispered command from deep inside him. Still clinging to his sword he moved backward, backward, feeling the rough stone of this vast shelf under his warboots.

He went backward until he felt rock at his spine and there he crouched, scarcely breathing.

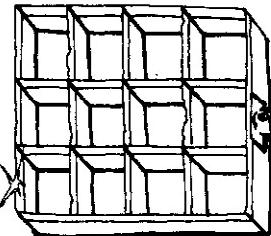
From the globes of light he could see arms projecting. There were many fingers on the hands at the ends of those arms, and each finger was rigid, pointing.

Now from those fingers spread something black and ominous, like
(Turn to page 55)

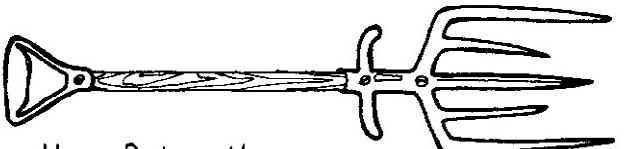
INT'L WEAPONS

By
Shaw

"Things OR
no dungeon
should be without."



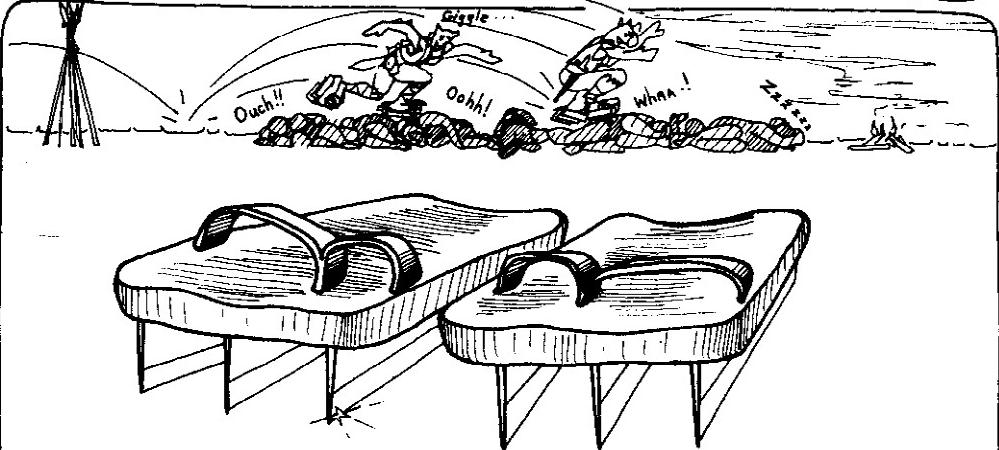
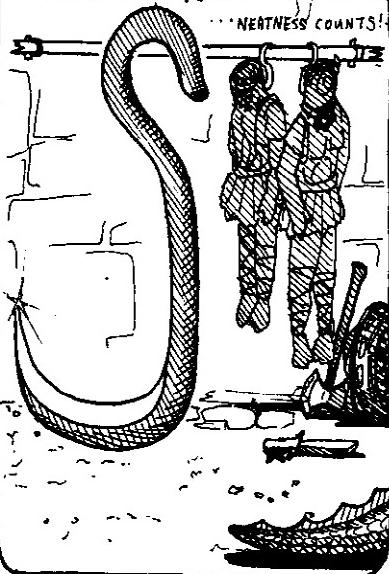
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- Technology increases steadily, permitting faster, larger ships, deadlier weapons, and scientific breakthroughs.

The galaxies are dotted with the ruins of Elder civilizations lacking the strength to master the stars. Can you lead your world to greatness where so many others fell short?

StarMaster may be entered for \$10.00 which includes the first three turns, a rule booklet, and all necessary material (except return postage). Thereafter, turns are \$2.50 each. If dissatisfied after the first turn, you may return the material for a full refund. A rule booklet may be purchased separately for \$3.50.

Send to: **Schubel & Son**
P.O. Box 214848
Sacramento, CA 95821

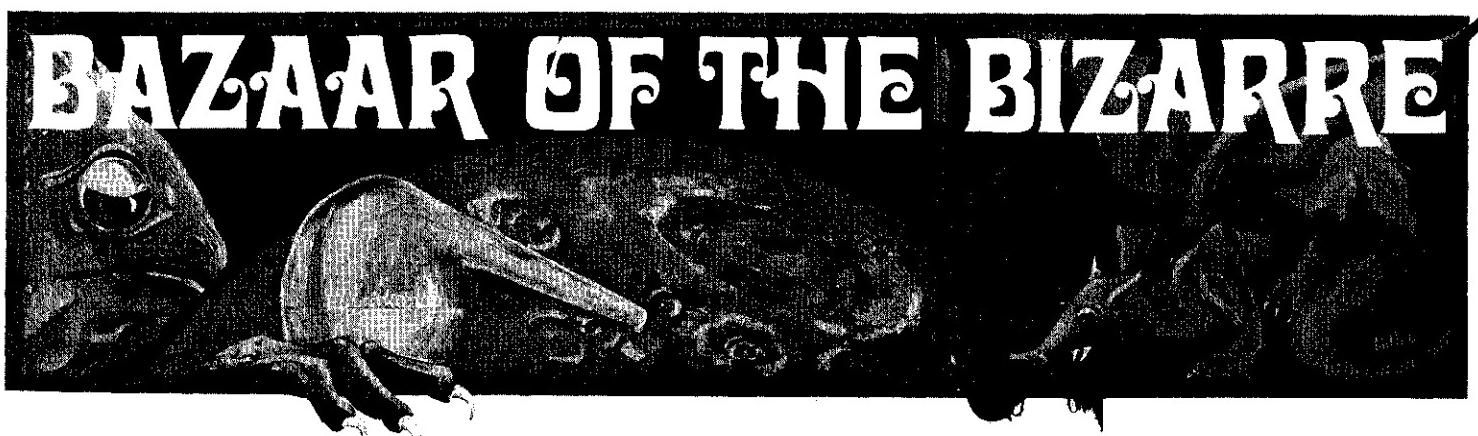
Enter me in StarMaster

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____





BAZAAR OF THE BIZARRE

Magical Oils: Try Lotions Instead of Potions

Larry Walters

- 1 A **ABSINTHE:** When applied to another person, that person will take twice the damage given to others.
- 2 A **AFRICAN JU JU:** Raises charisma by 2 and gives a plus 2 to all saving throws.
- 3 FU **ALLSPICE:** Plus 1 to strength.
- 4 A **ALLSPICE:** Adds plus 4 to all saving throws vs. magic.
- 5 A **ANGER:** Calms berserk warriors.
- 6 W **ARIES, ANISE:** Increases range (double) and effect (enables user to see infrared and ultraviolet spectrums) of clairvoyance spells.
- 7 A **APHRODISIA:** Raises charisma to 18 for sexual purposes.
- 8 W **ARABIAN NIGHTS:** Plus 5 to charisma.
- 9 A **ATTRACTION:** Plus 3 to charisma.
- 10 A **BAT'S BLOOD:** Does 2-8 points damage when sprinkled on characters of good alignment.
- 11 A **BEND OVER:** Plus 5 to saving throw vs. magic.
- 12 A **BERGAMOT:** Plus 6 to saving throw vs. magic.
- 13 W **BLACK ARTS:** When applied to the forehead and sprinkled in an X over where the victim will step, the victim must make a saving throw vs. magic or instant death will result. Evil characters only.
- 15 W **BOTTOM #20:** When applied to the doorknob of the victim's house, the victim must make a saving throw vs. magic at -3 or take 3-18 pts. damage.
- 16 A **BRUNO'S CURSE:** Protection from evil.
- 17 A **BUDDHA:** Increases chance to reach the gods by 5, 10 or 15%, depending on potency.
- 18 F **BULLS:** Increases strength to 18 for 1 turn, then subtracts 2 from original strength for 6 turns.
- 19 C **CARNATION:** Cures disease.
- 20 A **CHOCOLATE:** Makes all wandering monsters friendly for 1 day if saving throw fails; otherwise, they will go into frenzy.
- 21 A **CINTRONELLA:** Plus 3 to charisma.
- 22 A **CIVIT:** Protection from good.
- 23 F **CLEO MAY, CLEOPATRA, COME TO ME:** Increases sexual charisma by 4.
- 24 C **COMMANDING:** As a command spell when this oil is touched to another.
- 25 WC **CONCENTRATION:** Causes silence in a 3" radius.
- 26 W **CONFUSION:** Causes confusion, as the spell, when thrown or applied to another. Saving throw applicable.
- 27 FC **CONQUERING GLORY:** Adds 1 to hit probability when applied to a weapon for 1 turn.
- 28 A **CONTROLLING:** Charm, as Charm Person spell, when applied to another. Can also charm monster adding 1 to saving throw for each h.d. above 1.

29 A

CRAB APPLE: When applied to another that person will be well disposed towards you (in the way of giving info, drinks, etc.).

30 WC

CROSSING: When sprinkled in the victim's path, the victim will sustain 3-18 pts. of damage and his/her strength and constitution will be lowered to 3 for the day if saving throw fails. Evil characters only.

31 A

CUMIN SEED: When sprinkled in the doorway of one's dwelling, this dwelling will be protected from evil.

32 A

CYPRESS SEED: Increases probability of a friendly reaction from chaotic gods.

33 WC

DAMNATION: When sprinkled on another, victim must make a saving throw vs poison or die.

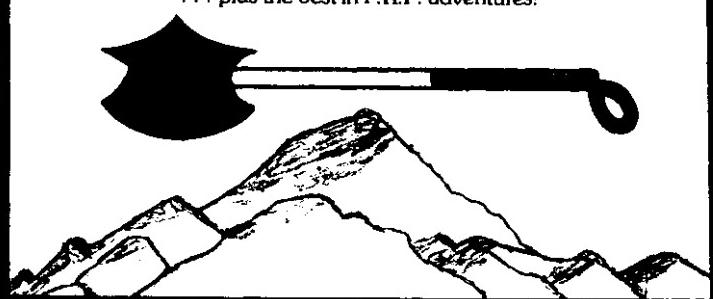
(Turn to page 52)

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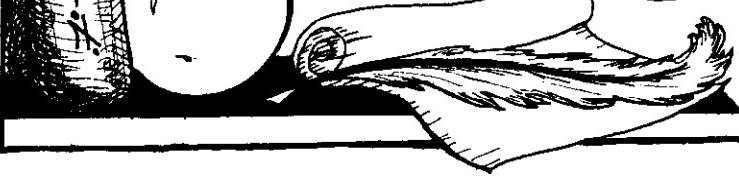
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Tell them you saw it in The Dragon

Sage Advice

from Jean Wells



Sometimes, either due to bad packaging or a printer's error, we will sell a product that has a flaw in it. What do you do when this happens? Well, you can either take it back to the store where you bought it or you can send it back to us. If you send it back to TSR Hobbies, please include your name and address, the store you purchased our product from and exactly what is the matter with it so we will not have to spend a lot of time trying to figure it out. Most important, please print or type everything clearly. If your handwriting leaves us puzzled, it will be a while before we can send you a replacement.

* * *

If you write to SAGE ADVICE, also print or type your questions. I want to be sure what you are asking me. If I can't read your writing, I might misunderstand your question. Also, be sure to include your name and address on your letter. Sometimes I get letters that have no return addresses and/or names on them. I try to match them up with envelopes, but that is not always possible. There is a young man in Canada who says he has written to us three times and has never gotten a reply. Well, we tried to answer his last letter. It came back to us because it did not have a complete address on it. Don't blame us if you don't get an answer from us; it usually is not our fault.

* * *

All questions that appear in SAGE ADVICE have been edited from their original letters and sometimes altered to suit a larger audience. If you have any questions just write to SAGE ADVICE, c/o The Dragon, POB 110, Lake Geneva WI 53147. Please include a SASE to ensure an answer, since I cannot promise that all questions received will appear in the column.

* * *

QUESTION: I have waited anxiously for the release of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. However, I lack one important piece of information—what is its price? Also, what is a *Dungeon Masters Screen*? If I don't get an answer soon, they are going to feed me to the dragons. Oh yes, and where can I get them?

ANSWER: Heaven forbid, I wouldn't like to see you fed to the dragons. You can purchase a DMG and a DM screen from Dungeon Distributors, POB 756, Lake Geneva WI 53147, for \$15 plus \$1 for shipping and handling. (Prices are subject to change without notice.) I suggest that you try your local hobby shop first and then contact us if it doesn't have them.

A *Dungeon Masters Screen* is a shield that has all the combat and saving throw tables on one side, and a very nice piece of art and the tables of the different class levels on the other.

* * *

QUESTION: There is this character (a Magic-User) being refereed by an inexperienced DM. Because of his lack of knowledge, he let the character advance in levels too quickly. He also has 86 magic items. By the time the character got to 34th level, the DM had learned from his mistakes and proceeded to try to kill the powerful character. He tried a Ring of Transference, and when that didn't work he hit him with 2000

(100% magic resistant) thieves. Is it within the D&D or AD&D rules for a DM to deliberately try to kill a character?

ANSWER: NO, it is not. There are classier ways to handle a "monster" that you have created. One of the best ways, I feel, is to inform him that because of his high level he is now a member of the city council and therefore must aid in the running of the city. This, if done properly, will prohibit the character from further adventuring. The city elders certainly would not want nor like their high-level Magic-User running around in some dangerous old dungeon. When this happens, reassure the player that his character isn't dead, just retired, and he can't play him anymore. The character should then fall into your hands and become a non-player character subject to your will and yours alone. However, you can ask advice from the player whenever a situation arises where you aren't sure how the character would react. This will give the player a feeling that the character still belongs to him.

A DM should be creative. Find things for the powerful character to do. Get him involved with politics. There are many ways to keep a character busy. The character could have sons and daughters to continue the blood line. A word of warning: Don't let any of the character's magic fall into the hands of his children. Tell them they must find their own. If you don't, you will only be defeating yourself.

If you don't like this method or you can't do it, you can tell the player you will not allow him to play in your campaign until he either retires the character himself or lets you take away most of his magic. I know this sounds cruel, but sometimes it is necessary. If things get really bad, you can always blow up your world and start a new campaign. But, if at all possible, try to keep the character so busy as an NPC that any thoughts of adventuring are just pleasant memories of when he was younger.

We all make mistakes when we first start a campaign. Correcting them is the hard part. Try to explain to your powerful players that the game balance is now lost and you would like their help in restoring it. I am sure if you ask them nicely, they will be glad to help. The game is supposed to be fun. If you are having a miserable time, why play?

* * *

QUESTION: Do Rangers and Paladins cast spells at their level or do they cast them as a first level? Would a 9th-level Ranger cast a spell as a 1st-level Magic-User or would he cast it as a 9th-level Magic-user?

ANSWER: He would cast it as though he were a 9th-level Magic-User. I don't agree with this, but I am informed that it is correct. I still think they should cast spells as a 1st-level Magic-User.

* * *

QUESTION: Do Faerie Fire spells have a cumulative effect?

ANSWER Yes, but only in the amount of area covered; not duration, range or intensity of the lights.

* * *

QUESTION: If two Continual Light spells were cast in the same location, would a Dispel Magic negate both of them?

ANSWER: It depends. The caster of the Dispel Magic would have to roll percentile dice for each one to see if he successfully dispelled each one. Dispel Magic affects everything within its range.

* * *

QUESTION: If a crossbow bolt is Blessed for use against a Rakshasa, will the Bless last only for the duration of the spell, or does it last indefinitely? If it lasts indefinitely, and then hits a Rakshasa, does it lose the Bless?

ANSWER: The Bless will only last for the duration of the Spell unless a Permanency spell is cast upon the Blessed bolt.

* * *

QUESTION: How exactly does a Longevity Potion work? My DM thinks it is a permanent ward against unnatural aging, but is only good for one day against natural aging. Is it permanent against natural aging?

ANSWER: A Longevity Potion reduces age from 1-12 years. There is a 1% chance, if you have used Longevity Potions before, that the effect will be reversed and you will age. Otherwise, it restores youth, vim, and vigor. It can also be used to counter magical aging attacks and monster-based aging attacks. The entire potion must be consumed for it to work.

* * *

QUESTION: Is an invisibility spell cancelled when you fall on your face from tripping either over your own feet or from someone else's number 13's?

ANSWER: No.

* * *

QUESTION: Is a curse removed at death so that when you are raised it is no longer with you?

ANSWER: It depends on the curse. If it is for eternity, then you are stuck with it. If it isn't, then your DM will have to examine the curse and make a ruling. Remember, his or her decision is final.

QUESTION: What would happen if you hit a Lich with a Rod of Resurrection?

ANSWER: The Lich would have to make a system shock roll if he is 120 years old or younger. If he is older than 120, then it would have no effect. However, if he is young enough and makes his system shock roll, he is resurrected, and you now have a mad, very high-level, evil Magic-User facing you. Either way, you have your hands full. Remember, the Lich loses all of his Lich abilities if resurrected.

* * *

QUESTION: May thieves use bows?

ANSWER: No.

* * *

QUESTION: One of my friends has a Cleric/Magic-User/Fighter who is human. In the *Players Handbook* it says that humans are not limited as to what class they can become. Under the section on multi-class characters it says only half-elves can be Clerics/Magic-Users/Fighters. I say his human cannot be multi-classed and he says he can. Who is right?

ANSWER: You are. Humans can only be one class at a time unless they opt to change classes. For instance, a 7th-level Fighter decides that she now desires to become a Magic-User. She must not pick up her sword and use it again until she is a 7th-level Magic-User or she will lose any experience she would have gained in that adventure as a Magic-User. Once she reaches her level as that of a fighter, i.e. 7th-level Fighter, and 7th-level Magic-User, she may now use her sword, but she cannot wear armor and cast spells. Humans may become dual class and they are not limited as to how far they can advance, as are the other races who can become multi-classed.

QUESTION: Although the *Players Handbook* does not include them in the description of the *Raise Dead* spell, may elves and half-orcs be raised from the dead?

ANSWER: No, they cannot. They do not have souls, and therefore a wish must be used to bring them back.

THE ULTIMATE !

HIGH FANTASY

FORTRESS ELLENDAR

MOORGUARD

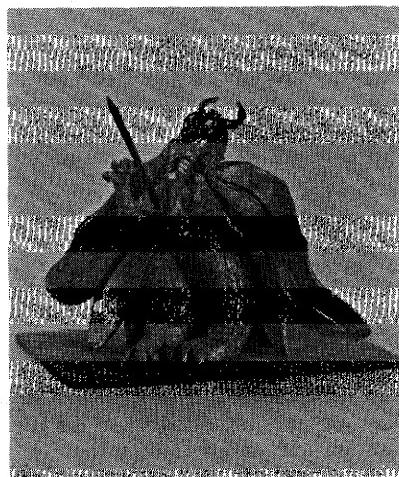
TERRA ASH

DEHYSCIC CANYON

T B R

T B R

T B R



THE ELECTRIC EYE

COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY AND TERMINOLOGY

Editor's note—This month we kick off a new, semi-regular column for THE DRAGON. We at TSR Periodicals have long realized that a new facet of games and gaming will be the use of electronics and the home computer. Our lack of coverage of this aspect of gaming has been due only to the lack of expertise within our staff to produce such a column. Enter Mark Herro.

Mark comes to us from the University of Wisconsin—Platteville where he is majoring in broadcasting and computer science. While Mark declines to have himself termed an "expert", he has been published by Kilobaud and 80 Microcomputing, two home computer magazines. His column this month discusses the basics of home computers and some of their applications to games and gaming. Future columns will cover the use of home computers as play-aids for different games, game programs for home computers, reviews of electronic games now on the market, and generally keep us informed of the role of electronics in games and gaming.

Mark Herro

YOU'RE IN A LONG CORRIDOR. OBVIOUS DIRECTIONS ARE NORTH AND SOUTH.

"Go south."

OK. YOU'RE IN FRONT OF A DOOR. IT SAYS 'NO ADMITTANCE' ON THE DOOR.

"Open door."

A VOICE BOOMS OUT: 'WHO'S THERE?!"

"Say 'security'."

THE VOICE SAYS: 'LETS SEE YOUR I.D.'

"Show I.D."

YOU DON'T HAVE A SECURITY I.D. YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY GUARDS. YOU ARE SHOT DEAD.

* * *

Conversations like the one above are familiar to gamers. This one has a twist to it, though. The game was played through a home computer.

You may have seen magazine ads for home computers, maybe even seen something on TV. I'm sure a few of *The Dragon's* readers have home computers. But does the average gamer know the tremendous potential that a home computer has?

I'd like to introduce you to the home computer: its operation, its programming, and its application.

Preliminaries

First things first. The home computer field is sort of like the English language: Different terms might mean the same thing, and similar words may have entirely different meanings. Don't be scared by them. For example, the terms home computer, personal computer, micro-computer, and small computer mean the same thing. Additionally, the home computing industry is fairly new. The technology that made home computers possible is only about five years old! The field may be completely different in another five years.

Right now, there are a whole bunch of manufacturers, both large and small, making home computers. The three most popular home computers are Radio Shack's TRS-80 (by far the biggest seller, with more than 100,000 units sold), Apple Computer's APPLE-II, and Commodore's CBM (originally called PET).^{*} Each brand is slightly different from the others, and has its own advantages and disadvantages, but such information is outside the scope of this article—specifics will be briefly mentioned when necessary.

^{*}TRS-80 is a trademark of the Tandy Corp.; APPLE-II is a trademark of Apple Computers Inc.; CBM and PET are trademarks of

Commodore Business Machines Inc.

Regardless of brand, they all have things in common. They all work on the same principles as big computers, only on a smaller scale . . . which is what I'm going to talk about.

Home computers can be broken down into three general, physical parts: the input, logic, and memory unit; the output unit; and the off-line storage unit.

Brains 'n' Guts

As I just mentioned, most home computers have their input, logic, and memory circuitry all in one small box. Small is the word—Radio Shack's TRS-80 is only 16" x 8" x 3½"!

Input (getting information into the computer) is usually achieved through a typewriter-like keyboard mounted on the unit. The keyboard may be used for programming (discussed later), answering questions or giving commands. Other input devices include game paddles, joysticks, and light-pens; but the keyboard is the primary method.

The "brains" of a home computer consist of several tiny integrated circuits (IC's), making up the central processing unit (CPU). The CPU does the hard stuff—it accepts input, processes data, routes output, etc. The term "CPU" is generally associated with the main logic IC: one incredibly small, incredibly complex "chip." And it does all its work using binary numbers, 1's and 0's.

A home computer's "memory" is just what the name suggests: circuitry that remembers what the CPU needs. Memory comes in two forms—temporary (or "random access memory"—RAM) and permanent (or "read-only memory"—ROM). RAM memory is used for storing information that can be changed or cleared at any time, as long as the computer is turned on. If the power goes out, anything in RAM will be lost . . . commonly referred to as a "crash" or a "bomb." ROM memory contents remain in place even if there is no power, but ROMs must be "preprogrammed" by the manufacturer and can't be changed by the home computer user. Both types of memory also take the form of IC's, but are not as complex as CPU's.

Memory is usually referred to in increments of 1,024 (2^{10}), or a "K" of memory. RAM space in most home computers comes in multiples of "4K"—4K, 8K, 12K, or 16K are common sizes, although most CPU's can "address" up to 64K. More memory means larger, better, more complex programs, but it also means more money to shell out.

E.S.P.?

OK, I've covered the basics of how information can get into a home computer and be processed. But how does the computer show its user what's going on? Through an output device, that's how. The most common output device for home computers is a video monitor, or sometimes just a modified TV screen. Video monitors (or TV's) are very versatile, in that they can display text and/or graphics (computer-generated pictures—the APPLE-II is particularly suited for this), and they don't use paper.

Because some people need "hard copy" (printed) output, computer printers are the next most popular output device. Video monitors and printers are often combined for some specialized applications, like word processing. Word processing involves "typing" a piece of text into the computer, editing the text using the video monitor, then producing the final copy on the printer. Other output devices include voice synthesizers, plotters, and security/control circuits.

Tapes and Disks

Home computers, just like any other computer, can only work on one program at a time. So how can programs be saved when not needed? Reprogramming on the computer keyboard every time can be very time-consuming, not to mention very boring. The answer lies

with storing programs some other place when the computer doesn't need them. Most home computers store unused programs either on ordinary audio cassette tape or on "floppy disks."

Storing programs on cassette is the most popular method for home computers because it's cheap and relatively simple to use. However, long programs can take more than five minutes to save or load. Normally this is no big deal, but it may be too slow and cumbersome for some applications, like business payroll, accounting, or uses that require a high rate of data transfer.

Enter the floppy disk. Disk drives are a zillion times faster than cassette players, but cost much more. While a \$29.95 cassette player may be fine for cassette storage, disk drives start at around \$300! Disks themselves look like square 45 r.p.m. records.

Programming

All this neat equipment is just an inert lump of plastic without programming. A program is a set of instructions that tell the computer what to do. There are two general types of programming: machine-level programming and high-level programming.

Machine-level programming involves talking to the computer on its own terms... with the 1's and 0's. "Machine language monitors" make the job a little easier by converting the binary numbers (base 2) into hexadecimal (base 12) or octal (base 16) numbers. But no matter how the numbers are converted, machine language programming involves telling the CPU *exactly* what to do, step by step. Machine language programming makes very efficient use of memory and can be quite versatile in the hands of a good programmer, but its requirement of programming detail can be a real pain.

Much easier for the run-of-the-mill programmer to use is a high-level programming "language." All major home computers come ready to program using a language called BASIC (short for Beginners All-purpose Symbolic Instructional Code) stored in ROM. BASIC, essentially, interprets its code down to machine code. The advantage of a language like BASIC over machine language is the use of English-like words and statements instead of numbers. For example, to put the word HELLO on the computer's video monitor would require perhaps ten machine language instructions. BASIC needs one: PRINT "HELLO". Simple, huh? The BASIC "interpreter" converts PRINT "HELLO", which the user understands, into instructions that the computer understands.

Now I see you asking yourself, "Oh-oh. Do I have to learn a programming language to use the darn computer?" The answer is a qualified yes. Using a program that has already been stored on cassette or disk is just a matter of entering a short command on the keyboard, but anything of your own design will have to be programmed into the computer.

It may not be necessary to know a programming language in the very near future. The amount of "software" (programs) being sold on the market is getting to the point of where just about anything anybody could want is available from one seller or another... for a price.

Who Cares?

How can home computers help gamers and gaming? Lots of possibilities there. At the very least, a home computer can act as a giant pair of dice, using its built-in "random number generator." Other uses might include automatic character generation, automated DM-ing, automatic mapping, etc. In fact, there are quite a few D&D-type computer games on the market already.

The Bucks

Unfortunately, home computers are not considered by many persons to be an inexpensive appliance. The prices of home computers start at about \$500, with \$1,000 about average for a good system. Prices are coming down, but slowly. I rationalize the cost with the tremendous versatility of a home computer. I may be doing biorhythms one minute, D&D-ing the next, writing a perfect letter the next, and doing my tax returns the next. The uses are almost endless.

The Last Word

I've gone through the raw basics in this article. Interested readers wanting more information should check much further into the field

before making a decision as to whether to buy a home computer or not. I've listed some sources of information below. Go to it!

Some computer manufacturers. Ask for their latest catalog.

Apple Computer
10260 Bradley Drive
Cupertino, Cal. 95014

Exidy Inc.
390 Java Ave.
Sunnyvale, Cal. 94086

Atari Personal Computers
1265 Borregas Ave., Dept. C
Sunnyvale, Cal. 94086

Ohio Scientific
1333 S. Chillicothe Road
Aurora, Ohio 44202

Compucolor Corp.
Intecolor Drive
Technology Park/Atlanta
Norcross, Ga. 30092

Radio Shack
Computer Merchandising
700 One Tandy Center
Fort Worth, Texas 76102

Some computer magazines aimed at newcomers.

Creative Computing
P.O. Box 789-M
Morristown, NJ 07960
\$2.00/copy—\$15.00/year

Microcomputing
Pine St.
Peterborough, NH 03458
\$250/copy—\$15.00/year

Some major software (program) suppliers. (ask for catalog)

Sensational Software
P.O. Box 789—M
Morristown, NJ 07960

TRS-80 Software Exchange
P.O. Box 68
Milford, NH 03055

Instant Software Inc.
Dept. 49 MOI
Peterborough, NH 03458

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The Temple of Apshai is especially designed for your home microcomputer—**TRS-80** (Level II with at least 16K of RAM), **PET** (with 32K of RAM), or **APPLE II** (with 48K of RAM). You get the programs and four data files on cassette, ready to play, and a 56 page, illustrated Book of Lore that describes the Temple in detail.

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Automated Simulations, Inc. Department D
P.O. Box 4232 Mountain View, Ca. 94040

California residents please add 6% sales tax.

Bazaar of the Bizarre

(From page 47)

34	A	DESIRE ME: When applied to oneself, it makes the next being of the opposite sex fall madly in love with you. No saving throw.
35	A	DO AS I SAY: Gives the user the power to detect illusion or charm.
36	W	DOUBLE CROSS: When sprinkled on enemy it confuses as spell. Also, when applied to oneself, it will cause anyone with 10 or less Intelligence to believe whatever the wearer says. Duration 1 turn.
37	C	DRAGONS BLOOD: This potent oil will remove curse, cure disease, uncharm, or cure 3-18 pts damage.
38	C	DRAGONS BLOOD: see 37.
39	A	DREAM: Causes sleep when sprinkled on another.
40	A	ENCHANTMENT: Plus 2 to charisma.
41	A	EUCALYPTUS: Cures 2-12 pts of damage.
42	A	EVE: When used by a female, it has the ability to charm men for duration of oil.
43	A	EVIL EYE: Protection from evil.
44	A	EXODUS: When thrown on another, he/she will flee from the thrower.
45	C	EXORCISM: Removes curse.
46	F	FIVE FINGER GRASS: Protection from good, and increases Dexterity by 2.
47	A	FRANGI PANI: When applied to oneself, all around him/her will trust him/her and tell him/her secrets, indiscretions, etc. Duration: 1 turn.
48	A	GALANGAL: When applied to oneself before going to court, the judge will always find in favor of the user.
49	A	GARDINIA: When sprinkled on a person he/she will be held as a Hold Person spell.
50	A	GET AWAY: Will protect a dwelling from evil.
51	A	GRAPE: 100 gold pieces will appear where this oil is poured.
52	FC	HIGH CONQUERING: Adds 2 to hit probability to weapon applied to.
53	C	HINDU GRASS: Adds 3 to wisdom.
54	C	HOLY, HOLY TRINITY: Does 3-12 pts. of damage to beings of evil alignment. Good characters only.
55	A	HONEYSUCKLE: When this oil is rubbed in the eyes, the user's range of sight is doubled and infravision is also obtained.
56	A	HYPNOTIC: Relaxing agent.
57	A	HYSSPO: Does 1-6 pts. damage vs. beings of evil alignment. Good characters only.
58	A	JAMAICA: Cures 2-8 pts of damage.
59	A	JEZEBEL: See EVE.
60	A	JINX REMOVING: After 3 days of continued usage of this oil, it will remove curse.
61	FC	HIGH JOHN THE CONQUEROR: Adds 3 to hit probability of weapon anointed for 1 turn.
62	C	KING SOLOMON: Increases wisdom by 3.
63	C	KLUDDE: Speak with animals.
64	A	LAVENDER: Increases wisdom and dexterity by 2.
65	A	LIFE: Cure disease.
66	C	LILY OF THE VALLEY: Can only be contained in gold. Causes 2-12 pts damage to all creatures not of good alignment. Good characters only.
67	A	MAGNOLIA: Doubles psionic strength for 3 turns when used by those who possess psionics.
68	F	MANPOWER: Increases strength by 2.
69	A	MERCURY: When one anoints himself with this oil he will be able to contact one of the gods, ask the being a question, and this being will answer this question with a short phrase or word, truthfully.
70	A	MOJO: This oil has the power to grant one 5th-level wish.
71	W	MOON: With the use of this oil, one can teleport him/herself as with the spell (only once).

72	A	MUSK: Adds 1 to strength and increases natural sex drive.
73	W	NARCISSUS: Causes sleep when thrown on another.
74	C	NEW LIFE: Use as Forget spell.
75	C	NINE MYSTERY: Use as Locate Object spell.
76	WC	OBEAH: As Remove Curse spell.
77	A	OLIBANUM: Reduces damage taken by half.
78	W	POWER: Removes charm placed upon another or oneself.
79	A	PRIMROSE: Draws the truth from a liar. Duration: 1 turn.
80	A	REVERSIBLE: Reverses any spell put on a person or object.
81	A	ROSEMARY: When worn on the temples, wrists, and ankles it has the following attributes: Cures 2-8 hp of damage, protects from evil, and gives plus 3 to saving throw vs offensive magic.
82	C	RUE: Cures insanity if used for 3 days.
83	C	SANDALWOOD: Cures 2-16 pts. of damage sustained from blunt weapons.
84	C	SNAKE: When a green candle is anointed with this oil and burned, it will cure disease as the spell.
85	A	SPIKENARD: Cures 1-8 pts of damage when used on characters of good alignment, but causes 1-8 on characters of evil alignment.
86	CW	SPRIT: Speak with dead, as the spell.
87	W	TIME: When this oil is thrown in the air, a time stop will occur for 10 seconds.
88	A	VERBENA: Completely protects against Curse and Geas.
89	A	VIBRATION: When this oil is applied to oneself and another, that other person will be under your charm.
90	C	VIRGIN OLIVE: When applied to a holy symbol or cross it will add 4 to a cleric's roll to turn undead, it will also cause 2-16 pts of damage on evils if saving throw fails.
91	A	VISION: Gives the power to see invisible and see into the ultraviolet spectrum.
92	A	VOODOO: When thrown at an enemy it reduces his strength to 3 if saving throw fails.
93	F	WILL POWER: When applied it raises one's strength by 5.
94	C	WINTERGREEN: Cures 1-6 pts. damage and adds 5 to saving throw vs disease.
95	A	WISHING: When this oil is put on a candle and burned, one can write a wish on a piece of parchment and it will come true (if under 7th level).
96	W	WITCH'S: When a piece of a foe's hair is soaked in this oil, eight days later he/she must make a saving throw vs poison or die. Evil characters only.
97	A	XYZ: Makes one 10 years younger.
98	A	YLANG YLANG: Increases charisma by 2.
99	A	ZODIAC OIL: Usually brings a favorable reaction when speaking with lawful gods.
00	A	ZULA ZULA: When sprinkled on an enemy, this oil will kill or (if saving throw is successful) bring 3-18 pts of damage. Evil characters only.

Notes:

The durations for most oils when applied is 1 day unless otherwise stated.

Points of damage caused or cured is permanent.

When a spell is mentioned or "... as the spell ..." is said, it means use the duration, area of effect, etc. of that spell when the oil is used.

All oils can be found in powder form.

The letter found before the name of the oil is the restriction in regard to character class:

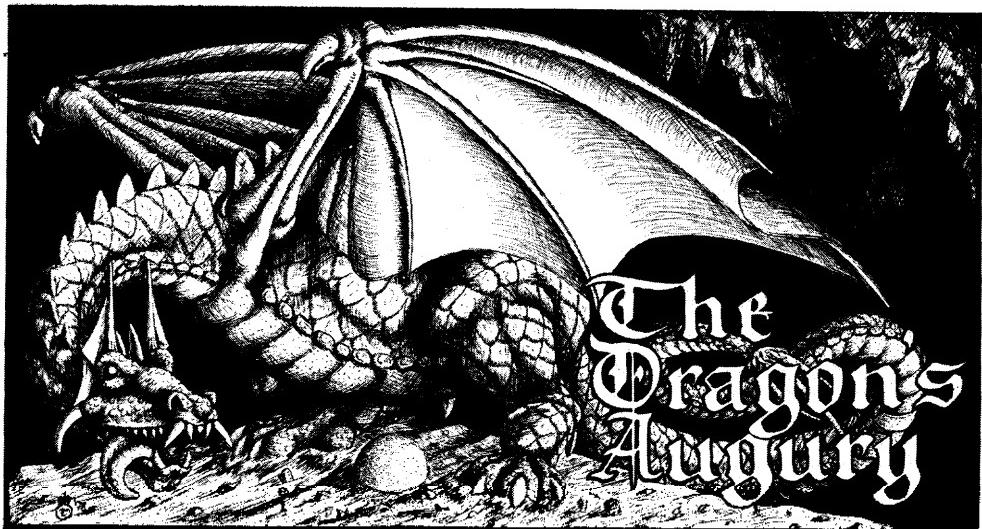
A: All character classes may use.

C: Only clerics (druids) may use.

F: Only fighters (paladins, rangers, thieves, monks) may use.

W: Only wizards (magic users, illusionists, witches) may use.

Beings are usually entitled to a saving throw when hostile magic is used against them. This also applies to oils unless otherwise stated.



The Dragon's Almanac

Game review

Wizard

Produced by: Metagaming
Retail \$3.95

Wizard, sixth in the line of Microgames, is part of *The Fantasy Trip*, a fantasy role-playing game by Metagaming, and covers the magical rules for this game.

Physically, the game is very good, with excellent artwork and illustrations. The map is a simple hex sheet which can be used as either an arena or as a set of tunnels if some hexes are shaded. The counters are thin and not die-cut, but are laminated and have excellent illustrations as well as letters to aid in identification.

The character-creation process of this game is unusual, in that a player can determine his character's abilities within certain parameters. The beginning character has 32 points which he or she distributes between strength, dexterity, and intelligence with a minimum of eight points allotted to each category. Characters gain experience through combat, with the experience points gained varying according to the type of combat: to the death, arena combat, or practice combat. When a character obtains 100 experience points, he or she may trade them in for another point added to his or her basic strength, dexterity, or intelligence.

In combat, strength controls how many hits can be taken without suffering death or unconsciousness. Hits are taken off strength, and spells also drain strength from the caster. When a strength of one is reached a character is unconscious, and death occurs when a strength of zero is reached.

The spells usable depend on the Wizard's intelligence. Spells are rated according to intelligence, and a mage may use only those spells which are rated for his intelligence or lower. A Wizard's intelligence also represents the number of spells that may be remembered.

Dexterity is used both in spellcasting and in actual physical combat. When casting a spell, the spellcaster's adjusted dexterity or less must be rolled on three dice in order for the spell to succeed. Dexterity can be adjusted by many factors, such as striking from the enemy's rear, the target's visibility (due to invisibility, blur, dazzle, etc.), damage taken, distance to target, or armor worn by the attacker. Some spells allow a saving roll, usually three dice against dexterity.

A roll of three dice against dexterity is also used for weapons combat. The only weapons covered in this game are a dagger and a magic staff, but other

weapons are covered in *Melee*, another part of *The Fantasy Trip*, which deals with weapons combat. Armor, however, is covered in *Wizard*. Armor carries with it a dexterity penalty and takes a certain amount of hits off each successful attack, depending on the armor.

Wizard is an excellent game and well worth the purchase price of \$3.95. With the addition of *Melee*, weapon combat can be added for a wider range of tactical possibilities. *Wizard* and *Melee* were designed to mesh, and they do so well. This game offers an innovative alternative to chance-determined characters. —Brad McMillan

Game review

Wizard's Quest

Produced by: Avalon Hill
Retail \$12.00

WIZARD'S QUEST, the newest fantasy release from Avalon Hill, is mostly just plain fun. Unlike many fantasy games that have been released recently, the game is uncomplicated and plays quickly.

Like most Avalon Hill games, the components, taken together, are excellent. The art, especially on the board, is beautifully done and has a large degree of detail. Borders are clearly marked and the mountain and forest areas easily distinguished. Also printed in one corner of the board is the sequence of play, which a new player will find an invaluable aid.

If there is a weakness in this game, it is in the type and art of the playing pieces themselves. The larger pieces share the same artistic excellence that the board demonstrates, but the smaller pieces, orcs and men, have less flair. It was a disappointment to me to discover that the orcs were represented merely by a set of evil-looking eyes. If the standard playing pieces are to be used silhouettes would have dressed them up. Since you will find yourself moving around armies ala *Risk*, you may want to actually use the pieces from that old *Risk* game in the basement. There would be more than enough and six colors are used in both cases.

The rules themselves are amazingly clear and short. This was a great relief to those of us who feared they would resemble the complicated Magic Realm system. Five of us were actually able to sit down late one evening at GenCon and begin a game within 20 minutes. Now that we understand the system we can indoctrinate new players in just a few minutes.

The game system itself is also simple. Though the general theme of the game is fantasy, there is

little that actually would distinguish this from a game of medieval warfare. A beneficent Wizard and a very hungry Dragon operate as random factors and move every turn. Each player also controls a less powerful Wizard and a Hero, who basically just enhance the fighting abilities of the armies they are with. The only other magical element is a deck of cards which can be optionally drawn by each player (most choose to) at the start of his turn. Most give extra forces or allow an extra attack to be made, though there are enough harmful cards to keep an element of doubt in the draw.

At first the combat system will remind most gamers of *Risk* or *Cosmic Encounter*, but as you begin playing it emerges as being distinct from either and quite enjoyable, if somewhat bloody. The orcs are a random factor who favor no player. Their effect on each game will vary, but they are an everpresent potential nuisance to the best-laid plans. The orcs add a new aspect to the game, and are one of its most outstanding features.

Wizard's Quest is most enjoyable when played by four to six gamers. It can function well with as few as two, but when a larger number play, diplomacy takes on added importance. Situations change rapidly and there is an equally rapid fluctuation of alliances in most games. Luck too, of course, is a major factor in this game. Even the order of who will have first move changes every turn.

Wizard's Quest is a game that makes for a few pleasant hours. Like *Risk* or *Cosmic Encounter*, much depends upon how the players approach the game. It will tend to be as cutthroat or calm as the group makes it. The large number of variables ensure that every game will be different from the last.

If such a thing as a Light Gaming Classic could exist, then Avalon Hill, which seems to specialize in Classic games, may have produced one. —Bill Fawcett

Magazine reviews

The Apprentice and Gamelog

It is always more enjoyable to have good to say about something. There are quite a few magazines around, many of which are mediocre and as such can justify only a passing mention. There are occasionally issues of some magazines which are so wretched as to deserve a thorough panning. Recently I received two issues of amateur publications which are outstanding. I am happy to say that one of these efforts was one which I had blasted for an earlier issue.

THE APPRENTICE, Issue 5, is a far different magazine from the one reviewed previously. In appearance, APPRENTICE is very good for an amateur magazine—in fact, one could properly refer to it as a semi-pro effort now. It has a heavy cover and fair artwork, but no color (as yet). Inside, APPRENTICE contained articles on the adaptation of JRRT's "Middle Earth" to the C&S format, prepared by the author of the latter work, Ed Simbalist; a portion of a continuing piece of fiction; an article detailing a system to allow for casting of higher-level spells than normally possible for lower-level M-US, with a general chance of some unlooked-for occurrences if the caster doesn't hit it quite right—an interesting piece.

The central feature is a dungeon level of reasonable quality, with new monsters and magic items to complement it. There are several reviews, a system for determination of what armor, wea-

pons and equipment are carried by an encoun tered human/humanoid, a piece dealing with heraldry, and other bits to round out the whole.

My only real criticism of APPRENTICE is that its publisher/editor, David Berman, still insists on using the alphabet to designate *adventure gaming* as FRP or MFRP. Such terms are quite acceptable to hard-core game hobbyists, but they help to form a meaningless jargon to newcomers and the general public, and I would like to see this kept to a minimum for obvious reasons.

For those of you who didn't pick up a copy of APPRENTICE when it was panned by me, I suggest that for the cover price of \$1.35 it is certainly one of the better buys amongst amateur and semi-pro magazine offerings. If it continues to improve as rapidly as it has, it will become a factor in the professional ranks in a year or so.

THE APPRENTICE is available from David Berman, 24 Seguin Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1J 6P3. (I wonder if this favorable review of a magazine of adventure gaming will draw as many inquiries as did the blast at an earlier issue David, please let me know.)

* * *

Off and on during the past years I have commented on the fan magazine done by James Lurvey. Originally entitled GREAT PLAINS GAME PLAYERS NEWSLETTER, the publication is now called GAMELOG. The lastest issue is a combined number, GAMELOG 40, 41, & 42. This is a good-looking amateur effort in 8½" x 11" format. In case you are wondering, the publisher has set a 10-page limit on any particular number, so the one in question here is 30 pages long.

Typically, each issue is typed up by Mr. Lurvey so as to pass on news of coming events, past meetings, games played, ideas, and so forth. If you are a resident of the Great Plains region of the country, such material is of great interest, while to most others the bulk of each issue is only mildly interesting—unless you become involved in the activities through participation on some level.

GAMELOG 40, 41, & 42 is very much different from the typical, although it is by no means a nonesuch. Every once in a while, GAMELOG will print something which is outstanding, and Jim did it in this issue. Some 20 pages of this issue are filled with rules for a very interesting adventure game, Guerrilla Rules, subtitled "A Modem Roguelike by Lance Curry." (Inside credit is also given to Todd Doom, who evidently made some contribution to the game.)

As the name implies, GUERRILLA deals with insurgents. Its basics are those standard to role-playing adventure games, and in and of themselves would probably provide a good campaign game. Combined with a larger campaign, however, be it *D&D*, *AD&D*, *C&S*, or *Traveller*, GUERRILLA would certainly provide many interesting problems for the players. Whether alone or as an offshoot, the rules are interesting. At a cover price of only \$1.50, you cannot afford to pass them up, so order a copy of GAMELOG 40, 41, & 42 (remember that is a single issue) now, as there probably isn't a large supply of back issues on hand. The magazine is available from James M. Lurvey, POB 27, Belcourt ND 58316.

* * *

If you publish a magazine or newsletter dealing with the gaming hobby and aren't afraid of an honest review, send it in to *The Dragon*. If the subject matter pertains to adventure gaming, it will probably be reviewed by me or one of TSR's experts on the subject such as Rob Kuntz, Lawrence Schick, Dave Cook, Harold Johnson, Al Hammack, or Jean Wells. The hobby is growing by leaps and bounds, and we have the personnel to handle an influx of material. One impor-

tant note: Space is at a premium herein, so a full review can not be promised. At least a listing of each publication, with price and general content, will be given. —E. Gary Gygax

Game review

Invasion of the Air Eaters

Produced by Metagaming

Retail \$2.95

The invasion of the Earth by hordes of bug-eyed monsters from outer space, bent on conquest and destruction, has been a common SF theme. H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* is one of the best treatments of the situation, but some of the most well-known are the numerous "B" Sci-fi films of the '50s. In these movies, a whole host of critters from space, each group more ugly than the last, sought to make lush and fertile Earth their own, only to be stopped by the eleventh-hour efforts of a small group of brave, dedicated scientists. They alone were able to come up with the technological marvel that would defeat the alien menace.

In a sense, these somewhat simplistic plot lines reflected the prevailing attitudes of the time. In a world where concern for environmental problems was at a minimum, it was natural to see the Earth as a rich and bountiful planet, a most desirable prize for a race that had exhausted its own home world. (It was not until the 1970s that man became aware of the Earth's limitations and realized that *he* was the creature most threatening to its ecology.) During an era when the public saw scientific advancement as synonymous with progress, before the questioning of the goals and achievements of research, it was normal to turn to science and technology for deliverance.

Metagaming's MicroGame INVASION OF THE AIR-EATERS captures these basic ideas very well. It's just like playing out the plot from any of those old movies. The game has all the trappings of the Hollywood "invaders from space" flick, from its title to the front-cover artwork, which depicts, in a style reminiscent of an old movie poster, a giant multi-eyed and tentacled alien looming over a modern skyline while the citizens of Earth flee in terror-stricken panic.

Now, if you think I'm disappointed in all this '50s camp, then I have given you the wrong impression. I think the setting lends a certain "charm" to the game, while the workings of the game itself create the tension appropriate to the situation. It is this complementary relationship of game and rationale that sets a truly great SF game above a good one.

The situation is clear enough. In a far arm of the galaxy, an alien race from an overcrowded planet has launched a fleet of huge mother ships in an effort to find new worlds to colonize. One such craft appears above Earth and begins the invasion.

Initially, the alien weapons are much superior to the Terran armies and fleets that oppose, but the later diversion of industrial effort to research projects can produce Terran weapons equal to those of the invaders. But if the military superiority of the invaders is not great enough, there is another, more pressing threat. Earth's oxygen/nitrogen atmosphere is toxic to the aliens, and they have the capability to build air converters that will eventually render the Earth uninhabitable. So even as the hard-pressed Terrans seek to defend their cities and develop new weapons to defeat the

enemy, they are forced to cope with a rapidly depleting air supply. The result is a game that is tense and well balanced.

The game's physical components include a 24-page illustrated rulebook, a 12" by 14" game map, and 135 counters. The map is one of the largest ever in a micro and depicts the entire world in hexes approximately 2000 km across. It is two-color and devoid of terrain markings. Only industrial hexes and their beginning industrial power are marked; the map includes some differentiation for political purposes. The counters are white on chocolate brown for the Aliens and just the opposite for the Terrans. A silhouette and abbreviation denote type of unit while movement rates and (in the case of Terran armies) nationalities are included as well. The counters are very thin and cut one way only, thus requiring some scissors work.

The game plays rather smoothly, once the game-turn sequence has been mastered. This is the core of the game and must be followed in precise order, since many of the special advantages due both sides are only apparent in the context of the sequence. There is only one sequence, during which both players perform all their functions, rather than two complementary player-turns.

The game-turn begins with phases for Alien production, air conversion and deployment, followed by a six-segmented movement phase. During this phase the Alien player may move any units on bases to any other bases. Then the Terran may transport his units anywhere he wishes, though the number of armies and where they may be moved is limited by political and terrain considerations.

After this phase Alien land units (crawlers) move, followed by Terran land units. Terran sub fleets also move during this phase, as do any Terran space units. These last units may move to a special "In Orbit" holding area for Terran spacecraft and the Alien Mothership and its Escorts (if any). In the next phase, Alien Landers (transport craft) may move, along with any passengers they may be carrying. This gives the Alien player a significant advantage, since this phase follows all Terran movement and allows the Alien to choose where to fight (and avoid Terran combat units if he wishes), and where to set up any undeployed bases or air converters.

The movement phase is followed by combat. All Alien fire is resolved first, with losses taken as they occur. Then, and only then, is the Terran allowed to attack. The advantage given to the invaders is substantial, especially when coupled with their inherent military superiority. The combat system is one that is used in a number of Metagaming games. The type of attacking unit is indexed with the defender to attain a number, or range of numbers, that must be rolled on a single die to destroy the target. In this game units have either a one-sixth, one-half or automatic hit when firing, depending on the two types of units indexed. In general, combat odds favor the Aliens substantially, reflecting their high technology, until the Terrans are able to research and build their most advanced weapons.

The turn sequence winds up with phases for Terran production and research. A word should be said about the production of new units for both sides. The Alien player is allowed to produce one new unit, of any type, per operational base, though bases deployed underwater, in Antarctica, or on the Mothership must roll a 1-3 to be able to produce.

Terran production is more complex. A number of the hexes on the map are manufacturing

(Turn to page 57)

The Eyes of Mavis Deval

(From page 44)

tiny droplets of molten ebony. They grew as he watched, grew and grew until they seemed to fill the entire cavern.

As one, the blackness hurtled at Sisstorississ.

The demon screamed, and then those black bolts were upon it, hammering it, pounding in upon it. The sound of their beatings filled the cavern with dreadful thumpings. The buffeting deafened Niall, but he could hear Sisstorississ screaming now in utter agony.

There was no escape. The demon could not move, as those blacknesses thundered down upon it. Under their onslaught, its very shape seemed to change, to flatten, to swell in bubblings, to be driven backward against the stone wall of the cavern. It screamed, thickly at first and then more thinly, until its shriekings became only a thin wail lifting upward.

"Gods," breathed Niall.

Sisstorississ was being hammered into a pulp, out of which oozed a stinking greenish ichor. Hammers and sledges of that blackness drove upon it, pounding its flesh into the very rock on which it stood.

There was little left of Sisstorississ now, but even those scraps and shards of quivering flesh were being beaten into nothingness. Pound and pound and pound, until those poundings became a litany of destruction.

Niall rose from his crouch, aching in every muscle.

It was done.

Nothing was left of Sisstorississ.

Now he heard vast creakings, saw the stone half-riven, even as the great walls of this cavern began to split.

Now, Niall—now!

Instantly he was whirled upward, as though caught by a gigantic

whirlwind. He experienced a moment of abysmal nausea, he began to retch—

Then he stood in the cave with the chests and caskets still catching the gleams of the dying sunlight. Dazed, he drew a deep breath.

Had it been a dream?

Laughter came from a corner of the crypt. Niall whirled, then grinned. Lylthia came toward him, clad in her short tunic, rent here and there to show the tints of her flesh. Never had she seemed so beautiful.

"Take what you will of the gold and jewels, Niall," she smiled. "You have earned your reward."

"Never mind the gold and jewels," he chuckled moving toward her. "Who can look at those when you are here?"

Lylthia laughed, her head thrown back. "I like that! You make a good lover."

He caught her, kissed her hungrily. After a time, she stirred in his embrace. "We have plenty of time for this, Niall. I shall ride back with you, all the way to Urgrik. And—we shall take our time."

A thought touched the barbarian, and he lifted his head to stare about the crypt. "Mavis Deval. Where is she?"

Lylthia's fingernails dug into his arms. "What is she to you, that woman?"

He chuckled. "Nothing. But if she should try any of her tricks on me..."

The girl-goddess laughed and nestled against him. "She will not. When Sisstorississ was destroyed, so was she. You only have Lylthia now."

"I wish I did have you," he grumbled, then brightened. "But I suppose I should appreciate the moments when you come to me like this. And to show you how much I appreciate them—"

He caught her to him again, kissing her. And Lylthia, who was Emalkartha, snuggled up against him, quite content to forget for a time that she was a goddess.

Miss those early issues of **The Dragon** ??

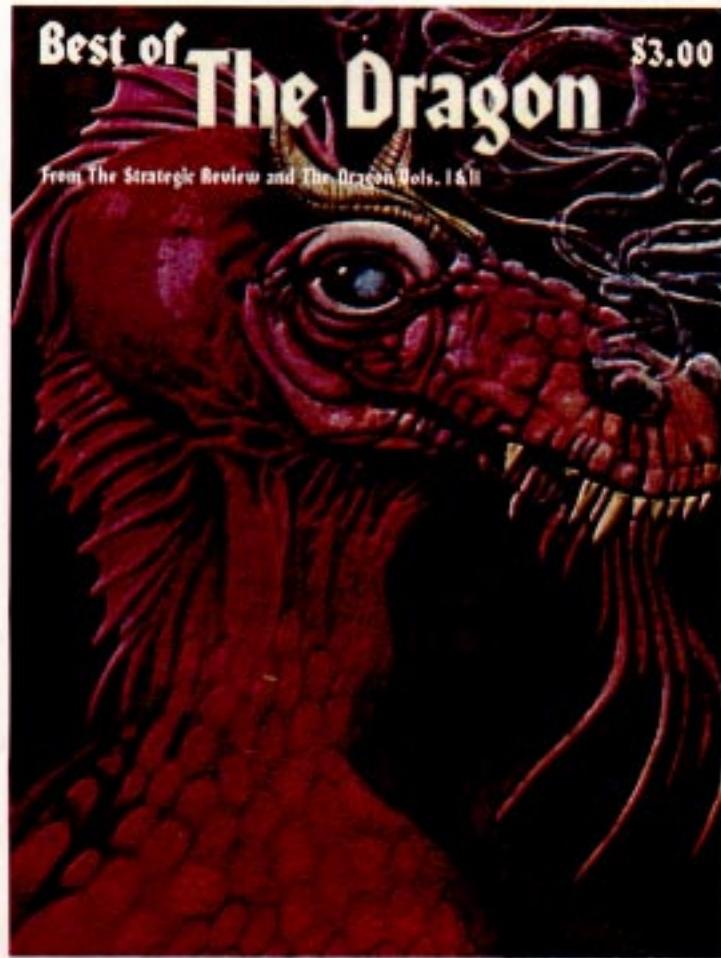
Early issues of *The Dragon* (and its predecessor, *The Strategic Review*) are at a premium. Even here at the TSR Periodicals offices we have only three copies of issue #1 in our files. Small wonder, then, that you may be finding it hard to acquire a copy of the original Ranger class specs (*SR* #2) or that article you remember hearing about by Gary Gygax on Planes (*The Concepts of Spatial, Temporal & Physical Relationships in D&D*—*TD* #8).

In an effort to supply some of these often requested materials, we offer *The Best of The Dragon*—an 80-page magazine containing a collection of 40 of the most informative, interesting, and humorous articles from *The Strategic Review* and the first 14 issues of *The Dragon*.

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Dragon's Bestiary

Created by Roger Moore

FREQUENCY: *Rare*
 NUMBER APPEARING: *1-6*
 ARMOR CLASS: *5*
 MOVE: *6"/24"*
 HITDICE: *½*
 % IN LAIR: *15%*
 TREASURE TYPE: *Q*
 NO. OF ATTACKS: *1*
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1-3*
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Spells*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Invisibility; immune to cold*
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: *30%*
 INTELLIGENCE: *High*
 ALIGNMENT: *Neutral (good)*
 SIZE: *S (1' tall)*
 PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
 ATTACK/DEFENSE MODES: *Nil*

Often called "snow fairies" or "snow pixies," these small, mischievous beings inhabit forests and fields during the winter, migrating northward in the spring to the far ice and snow. They may go *invisible* at will, but cannot attack invisibly.

Frosts may use a *Cone of Cold* of 3d8 value once per day (same dimensions as Cold Wand), *Control Temperature* within a 10' radius (12th-level ability) as desired. When invisible, they may use *Frost Fingers* twice per day (as *Burning Hands* in all respects except it causes frostbite, freezes liquids; 12th-level ability), and one creature in six may use *Otiluke's Freezing Sphere* once per day, at 18th-level ability.

Frosts rarely attack any being except patently evil beings like trolls and orcs, and gain much enjoyment from playing tricks of a harmless nature on wanderers in the woods (dropping snow from above, creating patches of ice, changing the temperature abruptly, etc.)

If carefully approached, they may render help to passers-by and give directions. If encountered and only one is present, it will be of the most powerful sort and have maximum (4) hit points.

Frosts appear as diminutive elven-like creatures with whirring, bee-like wings. They have white or silvery hair and eyes, pale skin, and dress in green or silver garments. They speak their own language, Common, Pixie, Sprite, and Sylvan Elven, as well as their alignment tongue.



Air Eaters

(From page 55)

areas with from one to three industrial units, the number being printed directly on the map. During the production phase, the Terrans total the number of IUs available (not destroyed by previous Alien activity) and spend these to buy new units (the cost varies) or repair devastated IUs.

Perhaps the most important phase follows. It is during the Research and Development phase that the Terran player attempts to come up with the scientific knowledge necessary to build advanced units. This whole concept of an improving technology is critical. Unlike the Air-Eaters, the Terrans have an evolving technology and are able to improve their weaponry. Only by researching and building better quality units will the Earthlings have any chance against the alien invaders.

The procedure is fairly simple, revolving around a die roll. To make this research die roll, the Terran must first expend ten IUs (these are spent regardless of the success of the roll) and meet certain prerequisites, such as having been involved in the appropriate type of combat (for example, having been engaged in land combat when attempting to roll for tanks or batteries), and in the cases of more advanced units, already having the technology to build certain other units (the Terran must already know how to build Laser Batteries before attempting to roll for Disintegrator Batteries). In addition, if certain other conditions are met, usually the destruction of a certain type of Alien unit, a die roll modifier of -1 is allowed. Success for a given project occurs on a roll of 1 or 2. If the roll is unsuccessful, all the conditions must be met again later for another roll to be made.

The types of units available to each player is fairly broad. The Alien player is allowed to build all of the types in his mix, but the Terran, as outlined above, must research the vast majority. It is quite possible that the Terran may never build certain classes of units due to lack of research for them.

Alien units include two types of spacecraft. He has one Mothership and may never build another. Indeed its loss is very serious since it is the source of the Alien's beaming capability and, because it begins the game with a base on it, the ship is important for its production capacity. The Mothership is protected by Escorts, which fight well against the early Terran spaceships but pale when matched against the later Corvettes.

The Alien invasion force is made up of four kinds of units, each fulfilling a specific role in the overall conquest of Earth. The Crawler is used for offensive purposes, since only it can fire at the Terran units and industrial areas opposing it. It has excellent attack and defensive abilities, matched only by the Terran Disintegrator Tank. It can be used with equal effect on land or under water. Its weakness is its speed, one hex per turn, but this can be rectified by assigning a Lander for transportation.

Highly mobile, the Landers are very speedy transport craft. They can be used to carry Crawlers around, a very effective coupling, or to carry undeployed bases and air converters to their setup sites. Speed must be traded for vulnerability, however, and Landers are the easiest Alien units to destroy.

Bases are non-mobile units which serve as sites for production and terminals for beaming. They are very valuable, since without them the invaders can produce no new units.

Air converters serve a special function. The ultimate goal of the Aliens is the transformation of the Earth's atmosphere into one comfortable to their particular biochemistry. A track along the map bottom is used to record current level of

change. It begins at twenty but moves down one space per functioning air converter at the start of each turn. Once the level reaches zero, it's time to set up another game; the invaders have successfully rendered Earth's atmosphere unbreathable. This makes ACs an important unit for the Alien to build and the Terran to knock out.

At the game's start, the units available to the Terrans are very limited: sub fleets and armies only. Both are restricted to their respective combat environments, and neither is very effective against the Alien units. While armies can never be eliminated, only two may attack in a hex, effectively precluding any mass assaults. They are also rather slow, one hex per turn, and require one of the Terran player's Transport moves to get anywhere far away.

The next stage in Terran weaponry is the Laser Battery. Like armies, they are minimally effective against the Alien pieces, but they can be stacked without limit. They may only move by Transport, however, so any mobile alien unit can run from them before the combat phase, making the Batteries most effective against non-mobile aliens, Bases and Air Converters.

Laser Batteries are complemented by Laser Tanks. They have essentially the same attack abilities, but are much more likely to survive and can move on their own. Disintegrator Batteries and Tanks are very much like their laser-armed counterparts, except their attack strength is markedly improved.

For undersea operations the Terrans have, at first, subs, and, once researched, improved sub fleets. The only difference in the two is the increased attack capability of the latter, though this is very crucial. As the game progresses, large numbers of laser and disintegrator units roaming around on the land often force the Alien player to establish his bases underwater. Only subs can attack these bases.

For spacecraft the Terrans have two types, the Space Attack Force and the Corvette. The first is very poor when matched against Alien Escorts and serves mainly as a way to fulfill the prerequisite for building Corvettes. These latter ships are excellent, superior to both the Alien Mothership and Escort craft.

In addition to buying units, the Terran player can spend his IUs repairing devastated industrial areas, or, if he has researched the technology, re-converting the air. This process is expensive, but sometimes crucial in staving off an Alien victory.

INVASION OF THE AIR-EATERS has a number of advanced game rules. These add political considerations (Communist and non-Communist armies may not function together until the air is half-converted and they then presumably see the Aliens as much more of a threat than each other), special movement and production considerations for Antarctica, and some additional minor attack capabilities for Terran armies and sub fleets.

The advanced game also adds rules for nuclear attacks by the Terrans, a very expensive tactic since the fallout destroys three IUs and the attack is not guaranteed to eliminate the target.

Oil and oil-producing areas take on importance in the advanced game since the Terran must match each function IU with an oil unit, while the Aliens may devastate these as well as IUs. After a number of plays, this reviewer has found that, as the designer suggests, it is relatively easy and does not affect play, to leave out the section dealing with oil. The rest of the advanced game rules are easy to implement and add a lot to the game, so that even beginning players should not be tempted to play more than a couple of games using just the basic rules.

Howard Thompson, one of the head men at Metagaming, has called INVASION "the best micro we've published," and I tend to agree. The game combines a number of different concepts in a blend that should please most gamers. A grand strategic situation is handled quite nicely with a small map and a handful of counters. The situation is classic, and the game mechanics bear this out. The opposing sides are quite different, both in the units available to them and the tactics needed to use those units properly. This differentiation adds to and builds on the game's colorful rationale, as well as providing the two players with the challenge of handling an opponent whose capabilities are not a mirror image of one's own. There are plenty of tactics here to be sought out, plenty of different plans and strategies to employ. The result is a game which, from this reviewer's standpoint, succeeds on all points.— Tony Watson

Fantasysmith

(From page 8)

PAINTERS FEATURED IN THIS ARTICLE (Those marked * contributed finished miniatures):

*Duke Seifried

President, Marketing Manager
Heritage Models, Inc.
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Dallas TX 75220

A regular at hobby conventions, Duke may be coming to your area's major hobby shop soon. He will put on demonstrations for those who stock Heritage products.

Timothy Kask
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Lake Geneva WI 53147

Tim is one of the most generous painters around. He's been known to give his finished miniatures away as presents. Greater love has no man

Joseph Miceli
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Brooklyn NY 11204

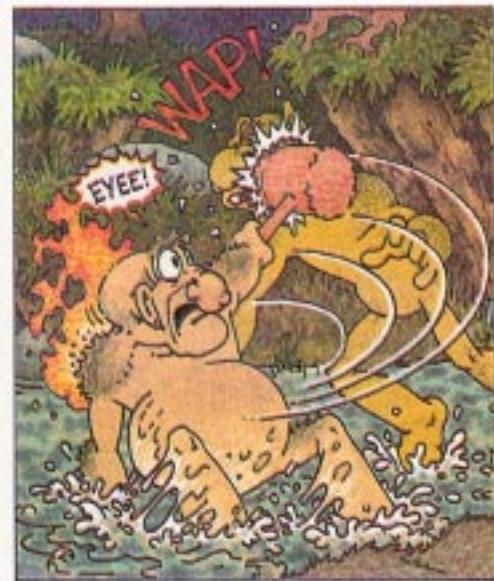
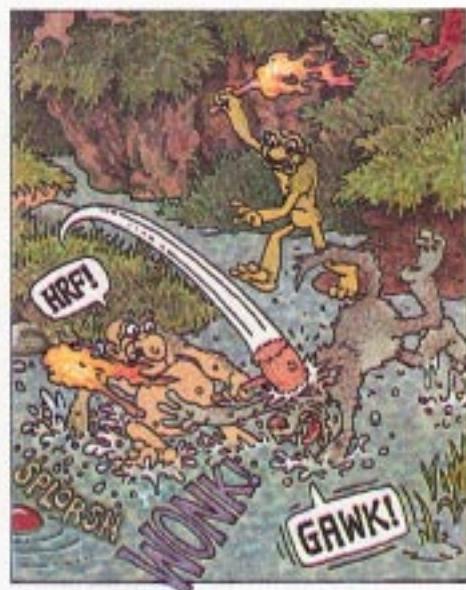
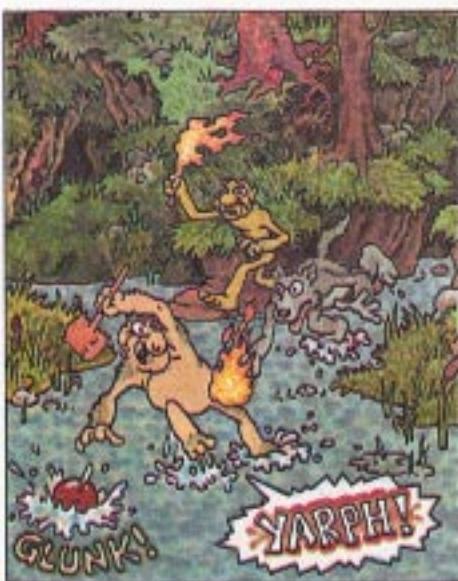
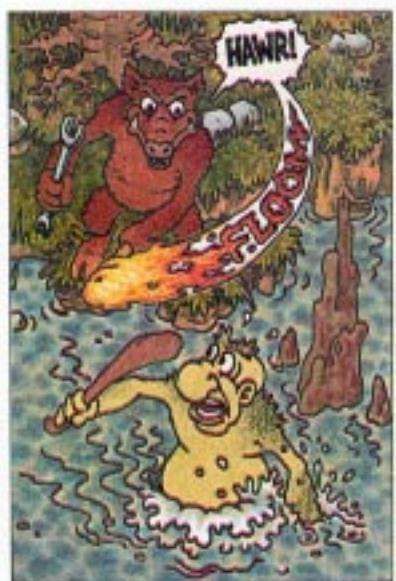
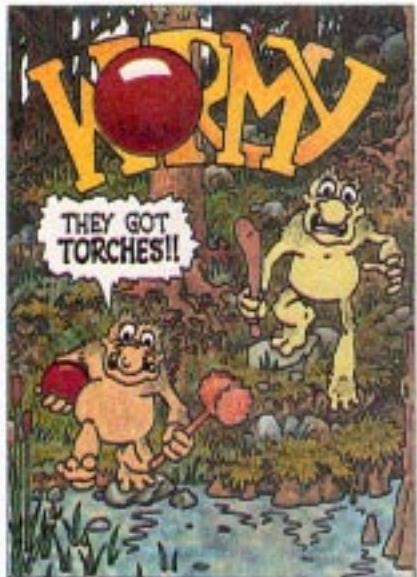
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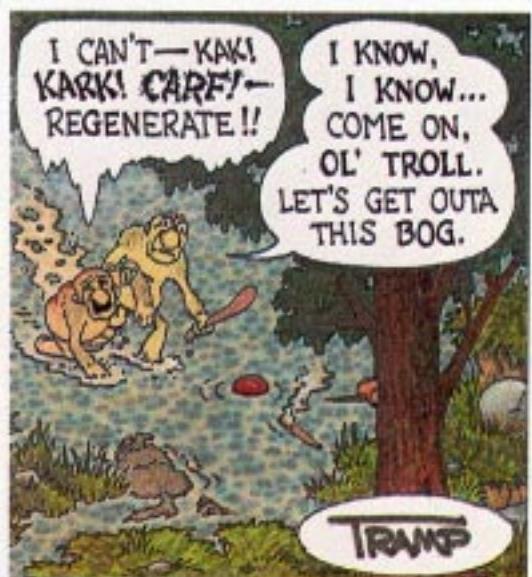
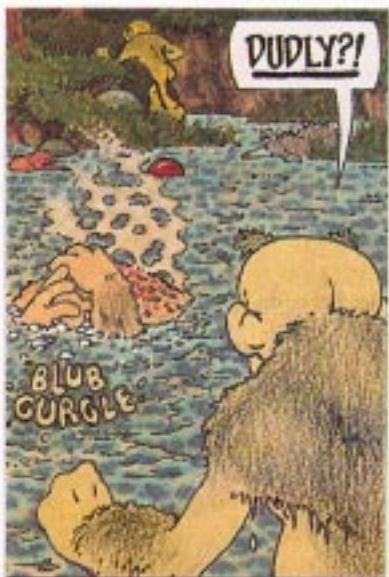
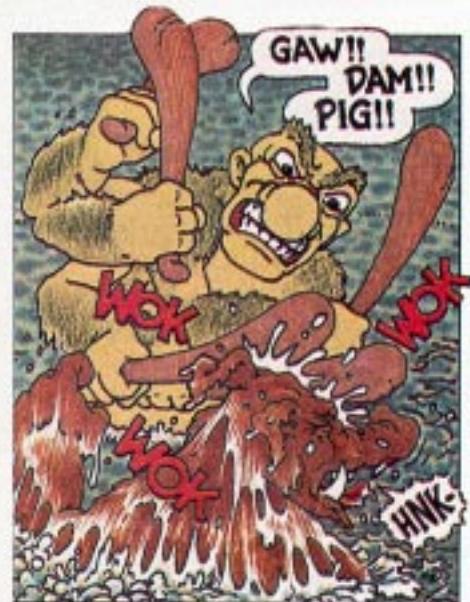
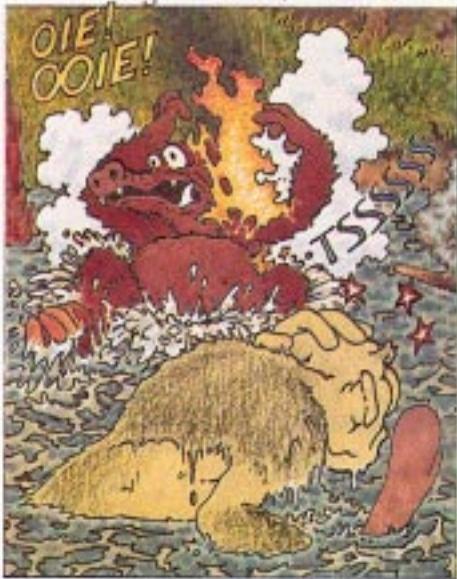
*Mike Barbero
c/o Stan Johannson
4249 East 177th St.
Bronx NY 10465

Mike produces finished pieces done in good painterly fashion. Dungeon Masters can get a quick cast of characters from him. His work is said to win prizes.

*John & Connie Nesl
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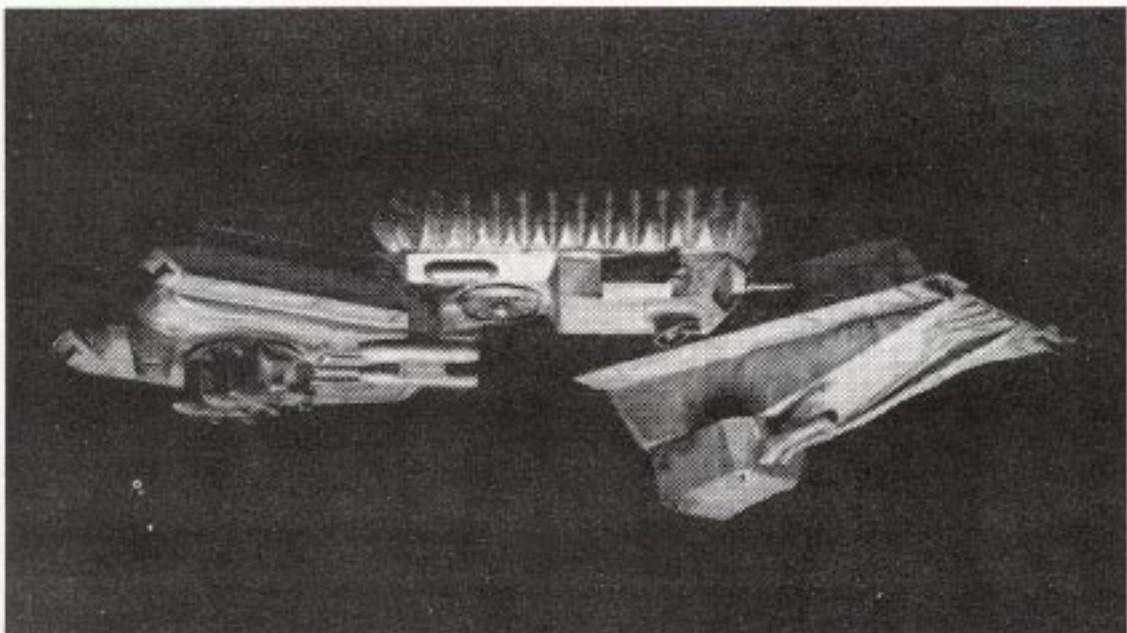
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